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## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

*Samor, Lord of the Bright City; an Heroic Poem.* By the Rev. H. H. Milman, M.A. 8vo. pp. 358. 1818.

THIS is an epic poem, founded upon the ancient history of England, and commencing with the marriage of Vortigern and Rowena the daughter of Hengist. The second chapter presents us with the kings of Britain met in conclave near the shade of the forest. Emrys, Uther, and Samor, the Lord of the Bright City (Gloucester) address the assembly, in remonstrance, against the Saxon yoke; and propose Constans, the heir of Constantine, as a worthy supplanter of Vortigern. "Then leaped forth Caswallon the mountain king, the sovereign of the lakes, a mighty savage, he of God and man alike contemptuous," he refuses thus to stoop in homage, and threatens, if disregarded, to join the Saxon; when he is thus answered by the voice of Emrys:—

"Caswallon of the Mountains, long our isle Hath mark'd thy wavering mood, now friend now foe;

Now in the Caledonian inroad prompt To bear thy share in rapine, foremost now In our high councils. This we further say, We scorn thy war, Caswallon, hate thy peace, And deem it of our mercy that, unscath'd, We ban thee from our presence." Nor reply Caswallon deign'd; calm strode he as in scorn Of wrath 'gainst foes so lowly. Far was heard His tread along the rocky path, the crash Of branches rent by his unstooping helm.

Elidure and Samor then witness the passing procession of Vortigern's marriage pomp. Merlin, the prophet, appears suddenly, and in mockery wishes them joy. Samor meets "the royal hermit," Constans: they fulfil their lofty mission, and at his feet laid down the kingly crown; but are unable to prevail upon the pious man to forsake his solitude. The next chapter removes the scene to "the white cliffs of Kent," where "rode tall below the Saxon navy." Caswallon offers to join the cause; and, by united effort, "bow this fair Britain to their sway." Hengist, guileful and mistrustful, proposes an appeal to their oracles, whether ruin or conquest are to be the result expected. Caswallon falls into the

snare, "the mild faith of Christ scoffing:"—

"'Wilt thou behold our gods?' " fierce Horsa cried.

"'Then mount the bark, abroad her wings are spread, And fleet along the obedient deep she speeds. Fear not, proud Britain.'—" "Fear!" Caswallon cried;

All iron as he stood, o'er surf, surge, wave He bounded, hollow rang his heavy arms, The bark her tall side to the troubled waves Stoop'd groaning, nor delay'd the Ocean King."

After their voyage "southward of that strait," where bursts the Baltic, they mounted the chariot of the oracle; the rein-deer bound upon the ice, and pass "dark leagues of pine and fir." At last, "a light of azure" shows their forms, "surpassing beauteous; breath of mortal life heaved not their bosoms." The Saxon explains, which are "ministers of destiny and death:"—

"Mark thou yon bright-hair'd three? and would thy soul

Grasp the famed deeds of ancient time, or know The master spirits of our present world.

Lo Gudur, she whose deep mysterious soul Treasureth the past, and Rosta, who beholds All acts and agents of this living earth; She too is there before whose spacious sight The years that have not been start up and live, Who reads within the soul of man unborn The unimagined purpose, of the sage Skulda the sagest. Ask and thou shalt know."

—"I am not King of Britain, have not been, Hateful the present and the past, my soul Thirsteth for what shall be."—Then Hengist spake In tone of mix'd authority and prayer, 'Queen of the Future, Valkyr, hear and speak, Speak to the Son of Woden.'—All the troop Instant the thin bright air absorb'd, alone Stood Skulda with her white hair waving wide, As trembling on the verge of palpable being, Ready to languish too in light away.

"'O'er Britain's isle doth Woden to his sons Give empire?' She, but in no human tone, E'er from the soul's emotion harsh or soft, One glittering rich unvarying tone replied, 'To thine, but not to thee.'—And, 'I am thine,' Caswallon shouted loud, and sternly shook His visionary sceptre. 'Whence the foe Fatal to Hengist, and to Hengist's sway?' 'Not from the Mountain, Saxon, from the Vale.' Heard, heeded not the Mountain Chief that strain Dire and ill-boding, or if heard, disdain'd Adverse what prosperous seem'd a voice from Heaven.

"'By what rich rite,' he cried, 'may Briton Chief

Win favour from high Woden?'—'Not the blood Of steed or stag; a flower of earth must fade. Blest o'er all virgins of the earth, the chaste, The beautiful, by Heaven ordain'd to lead The souls of valiant men to the pale hall Of the Immortal: air her path, and Heaven

Her dwelling, with the fair and brave of earth Her sole communion?'—'By my future throne, Proud office for the daughter of a King! A royal damsel, mine own blood, shall join Your cloudy mysteries.'"

After making this horrible promise of sacrificing his daughter, Caswallon and Hengist return. In the fourth canto we have a very interesting episode of Lilian, the lovely daughter of Caswallon:—

"Nursling of solitude, her infant couch Never did mother watch, within the grave She slept unwaking; scornful turn'd aloof Caswallon, of those pure instinctive joys By fathers felt, when playful infant grace, Touch'd with a feminine softness, round the heart Winds its light maze of undefin'd delight, Contemptuous; he with haughty joy beheld His boy, fair Malwyn, him in bossy shield Rock'd proudly, him upbore to mountain steep, Fierce and undaunted, for their dangerous nest To battle with the eagle's clamorous brood."

Innocent, artless, and lonely, she saw nothing to love but nature; and found joy and amusement in the sweet music of the songsters of the grove, who, unappalled, fled to her for shelter:—

—"She on mossy couch Sate listening the blithe thrush, whose airy notes In amorous contention Echo caught Responsive. Sudden droop'd its flagging wing The timorous bird of song, and fluttering sought Soft refuge in the maiden's snowy breast. She o'er the nestling prisoner folding light Her careless vest, stood gazing, where, awhile Dark in the sun-cloud's white, came fiercely down A swooping falcon: at her sight it check'd, Its keen eye bright with joy, th' admiring bird Fearfully beauteous floated in the air: Its silver wings, and glossy plumage gray, Glanc'd in the sun light. Up the maiden gaz'd, Smiling a pale and terrified delight, And seem'd for that lov'd warbler in her breast Beseeching mercy. 'Mid the green wood sank Th' obedient bird; she, joyous at his flight, Her bosom half reveal'd, with gentle hand Caressing smooth'd her captive's ruffled plumes. Anon around a frightened thankful look Glancing, what seem'd a human shape she saw, Or more than human; stately on his arm The falcon sate, and proudly flapp'd his wings. She turn'd to fly, yet fled not; turn'd to gaze, Yet dared not raise her downcast eye; she felt Her warm cheek, why she knew not, blush, her hand Unconscious closer drew her bosom's fold. With accent mild the Stranger brief delay Entreated; she, albeit his gentle words Fell indistinct on her alarmed ear, Listening delay'd, and still at fall of eve Delay'd, e'en then with dim reverted eye, Slow lingering on her winding homeward path.

"No more in pomp of war, or vaulting steed, Joyeth the Son of Vortigern, nor feast With jocund harpings, and rich-jewell'd dames, Outshining in their pride the starry heavens."



His image mingles with her midnight dreams, and she looks for "the promise of return sworn on her lips." At last, she hears the sound of iron hoofs on the "flowery sward;" not Vortimer, but —

— "Her father stood  
Before her, stern and dark, his trembling child  
Cheer'd nor fond word, nor greeting kiss; his arm  
Clasp'd round her, on his steed again he sprung.

"And on through moonlight and through  
shade he spur'd,  
Gleam'd like a meteor's track his flinty road,  
Like some rude hunter with a snow-white fawn,  
His midnight prey. Anon, the mountain path  
'Gan upward wind, the fiery courser paus'd  
Breathless, and faintly raising her thin form;  
'Oh, whither bear ye me?' with panting voice,  
Murmur'd. Caswallon spake unmov'd, 'to death.'

"Death, father, death is comfortless and cold!  
Ah, me! when maiden dies, the smiling morn,  
The wild birds singing on the twinkling spray,  
Wake her no more; the summer wind breathes soft,  
Waving the fresh grass o'er her narrow bed,  
Gladdening to all but her. Senseless and cold  
She lies; while all she lov'd, unheard, unseen,  
Mourn round her.' There broke off her faltering  
voice.

Dimly, with farewell glance, she rov'd around,  
Never before so beautiful the lake,  
Like a new sky, distinct with stars, the groves,  
Green banks and shadowy dells, her haunts of bliss,  
Smil'd, ne'er before so lovely, their last smile;  
The fountains seem'd to wail, the twilight mists  
On the wet leaves were weeping all for her,  
Had not her own tears blinded her; there too  
She surely had beheld a youthful form  
Wandering the solitary glen. But loud  
The courser neigh'd, down bursting, wood and rock  
Fly backward, the wide plain its weary length  
Vainly outspreads; and now 'tis midnight deep.  
Ends at a narrow glen their fleet career;  
That narrow glen was pal'd with rude black rocks,  
There slowly roll'd a brook its glassy depth;  
Now in the moon-beams white, now dark in gloom.

"She liv'd, she breath'd, she felt, to her denied  
That sole sad happiness the wretched know,  
Ev'n from excess of feeling, not to feel.  
Behold her gentle, delicate, and frail,  
Where all around, through rifted rock and wood,  
Grim features glare, huge helmed forms obscure  
People the living gloom, with dreary light  
Glimmering, as of the moon from iron arms  
Coldly reflected, lovely stands she there,  
Like a blest Angel 'mid th' accurs'd of Hell.  
A voice is heard.—'Lo, mighty Monarch, here  
The stream of sacrifice; to man alone  
Fits the proud privilege of bloody death  
By shaft or mortal steel; to Hela's realm,  
Unblooded, woundless, must the maid descend;  
So in the bright Vallhalla shall she crown  
For Woden and his Peers the cup of bliss.  
Her white arms round her father's rugged neck  
Winding with desperate fondness, she 'gan pour,  
As to some dear, familiar, long-lov'd heart,  
Most eloquent her inarticulate prayers.  
Is the dew gleaming on his cheek? or weeps  
The savage and the stern, yet still her sire?  
But some rude arm of one, whose dreadful face  
She dared not gaze on, seiz'd her. Gloomy stood,  
Folding his wolf-skin mantle to conceal  
The shuddering of his huge and mailed form,  
Caswallon. Then again the voice came forth,  
'Fast wanes the night, the Gods brook no delay:  
Monarch of Britain, speed.' He, at that name  
Shaking all human from his soul, flung back  
The foldings of his robe, and stood elate,  
As haughty of some glorious deed, nor knew  
Barbarian blind as proud, who feels no more  
The mercies and affections of his kind,  
Casts off the image of God, a man of ill,  
With all his nature's earth, without its heaven.

"A sound is in the silent night abroad,  
A sound of broken waters; rings of light  
Float o'er the dark stream, widening to the shore\*.  
And lo, her re-appearing form, as soft  
As fountain Nymph by weary hunter seen,  
In the lone twilight glen; the moonlight gleam  
Falls tenderly on her beseeching face,  
Like th' halo of expiring Saint, she seems  
Lingering to lie upon the water top,  
As to enjoy once more that light belov'd;  
And tremulously mov'd her soundless lips  
As syllabing the name of Vortimer;  
Then deep she sank, and quiet the cold stream,  
Unconscious of its guilt, went eddying on,  
And look'd up lovely to the gazing moon."

Vortimer, in search of Lilian, repairs  
to the spot where they were to meet  
again; and on the stream observes  
slowly drifting what appears a dying  
swan, but on its approach it takes a  
human shape. The darkness prevents  
his recognising his Lilian, though "a  
hideous thought was in his brain."  
"Darkness abroad, the dead within his  
arms," he awaited the first gleam of  
morning; at last, the dire certainty was  
manifest, and his sword has but one  
duty more—"to shape the smooth turf  
for Lilian's grave."

"On Thanet are the sea-girt brethren  
met" in council; they despise the  
tame spirit of Vortigern, over whom his  
beautiful queen holds her eye-won  
empire. Hengist expresses his apprehension  
that young Vortimer is a more  
daring spirit; but Horsa awakens the  
terrors of Hengist in earnest, by the  
idea that a manlier and more forcible  
foe is abroad—"the chieftain of the  
vales." The threat of the oracle that  
from the valley his overthrow should  
come, convulsed the breast of Hengist.  
Meanwhile the "baronage of Britain"  
meets on the main land, timorous and  
feeble; Samor only, firm and inflexible,  
raises his magic voice against any  
truce with the Saxon, and loudly pro-  
claims that peace can only be won by  
war. Even Elidure advocated peaceful  
measures, and prevailed by "his loose  
and languid eloquence." Britons and  
Saxons unite in the feast; children and  
virgins strew flowers upon that Hengist  
lately denounced. The fears of Samor  
prove true; treachery and murder sweep  
the Britons off at a moment, and he,

\* Homo autem quem sors immolandum obtulerat, in fontem qui ad locum sacrificiorum scaturiebat vivus immergebatur: qui si facile efflaret animam, faustum renunciabant sacerdotes votum: moxque inde ereptum in vicinum nemus, quod sacrum credebant, suspensentes, inter Deos translatus affirmabant. Quo factum erat, ut beatum se crederet, qui eò immolatione e vivis excederet. Accidit nonnunquam reges ipsos simili sorte delectos victimari. Quod quia faustissimum regno libamen aestimabatur, totius populi multitudo cum summâ congratulatione tam insignes victimas prosequabantur. Enimvero sic defunctos non omnino mori, sed tam illos quam se ipsos immortales esse. Olaus Magnus, book 3. cap. 6.

the lord of the valley, alone remains  
to avenge his brethren. He resolves  
singly, yet dauntlessly, to repay these  
wrongs to the Saxon host. So turning  
to the Bright City, where "lordly his  
fair dwelling's long arcade" shone in  
the golden light, he finds no watch-dog  
saluting his return, no menial to seize  
his rein, he pursues his way to his own  
chamber, but lifeless and solitary is his  
dwelling; he rushes out, and "beneath  
a primrose bed" he finds his eldest  
child, pale and dying: she relates that,  
during the night's repose, "huge iron  
men" brake upon their rest; she sought  
her mother's couch, and beheld her  
shivering, cold, and insensible. The  
same torpor assailed the child; and on  
her awaking, she found her mother and  
brothers gone. This last hope of  
Samor expires in his arms. Destruction  
in the stream flashes upon his  
mind; but is banished by religion and  
fortitude. He promises ample ven-  
geance to Britain and to Emeric; and  
conjures the spirit of the latter to  
"visit his desert fancy." He heaps  
the bank over his child, replacing the  
knot of primroses over it.

Abisa, a Saxon youth, swears to ex-  
tirpate the man who is the only dreaded  
weapon of revenge; but though strongly  
invoked, none of the "valiant Erles"  
join in his enterprise.

"But now the more enjoy'd that Saxon youth  
His solitude of glory; forth he springs  
Hasty, lest valorous repentance fire  
Some rival Erle of half his peril yet  
To wrong him. In his tent, soft languid sounds  
Expiring on her falling lute, arose  
To welcome home her Lord his beauteous slave;  
His slave! is that her slavery, round his neck  
The snowy girdle of her arms to wreath?  
To catch a master's mandate doth she raise  
The bashful fringes of her eyes, and meet  
Those glances of no lordly scorn, that soothe  
Her gentle wayward angriness of love,  
Soothe, dare not chide, that coldness faint and  
brief

That would be woo'd, but sweeter to be won?  
Nor dares not she withhold that arm uprais'd  
From their high stand the furniture of fight,  
Glave, corslet, morion to displace; her touch  
Now clings with soft resistance, playful now  
Thwarts his stern purpose."

— "O, stony heart,  
And I for thee forsook my infant home,  
Where all my steps were music, all my smiles  
Glad sunshine to my parents' wintry blood,  
That glanc'd like summer waters at my sight:  
For thee did violence to my virgin fame:  
By war's rude force might I have seem'd enthral'd.  
A luckless, pitied damsel; my fond heart  
Ill brook'd the coarse reproach of ravisher  
Should couple with a name so dear as thine.  
At night-fall fled I to thee; even as now  
The stars shone beauteous, and a kindly gloom  
Curtain'd our meeting even as now; no change  
From soft and fond and gentle, but in thee.  
'Peace, trembler, peace! to-morrow's dawn shall  
hail,  
Borne in the shield of honour, on the necks  
Of his tall peers, thy Abisa; no voice  
Silent, no quiet in the troubled air,  
Restless with his hymn'd triumph, Oifa's heart



Sick with wan envy. Then, Myfanwy, then  
My glory shall make rapture of thy tears,  
And thou shalt bless the grief that wrings thee  
now."

"Oh, glory hath a stern and savage mate,  
Danger, her lawless paramour, enfolds  
Her beauties in his churlish arms. Oh pause,  
And yet farewell, 'tis exquisite to part,  
For oh, thou weep'st at parting, 'twast past hope  
To see a tear on that stern face for me."

Abisa meets the avenger, and bids  
him defiance; but Samor, full of gen-  
tleness,

"Samor that beauteous youth survey'd, the stars  
Glimmer'd a blue and hazy light, that showed  
His soft locks spreading their bright clusters wide,  
His vermeil cheek most lovely in its wrath,  
And brow that seem'd to wonder and delight  
At its own dauntlessness. So tall, so fair;  
Oft had he imag'd his own perish'd boy  
In flower of youth, that flower which never bloom'd.  
Tender and mild his voice, as though he spake  
Even to that dead belov'd—'Oh, brave and fair,  
Why thus abroad amid the silent night,  
With menace and fierce gesture wild and strange?'"

They fight, and in the morning the  
ghastly head of Abisa is found fixed  
upon a lofty spear. His Myfanwy  
wildly hurries to the spot; she snatches  
to her heart "that lifeless thing, and  
fled." Horrible is the idea; for this  
devoted, love-sick maid nurses and  
cherishes the severed head of her lover;  
she sings to it, and almost "her rash  
lips approach." At last, bearing this  
burden in her arms, she sallies forth to  
seek the other remains of Abisa: she  
meets fierce Offa, who basely and  
violently detained her till the avenger  
again stepped forth, and "earth is  
dank with Offa's lustful blood." Thank-  
fulness and abhorrence alternately sway  
her mind towards Samor: she held up  
to his gaze the face of Abisa. "That,  
British maiden, is a Saxon's face."  
This distinction, however, was not felt  
by the forlorn Myfanwy, till the avenger  
addressed her feelings thus:—

"Maiden, by Wye's transparent stream abode  
An aged pair, and their declining day  
One beauteous child enlighten'd, and dispens'd  
Soft moonlight o'er their darkening eye; they  
thought

The only pang of death from her to part.  
But heavy was their sinking to the grave,  
But that fair beam in unchaste darkness quench'd  
Its virgin lustre, and its light withdrew,  
Of their old limbs the life: alone they dwelt,  
In discontent and cold distaste of all,  
As her ingratitude had made them sick  
Of the world's hollowness, and if she fail'd  
All earthly things must needs be false and frail.  
They ne'er reproach'd her, for so near the grave  
They could not hate; but for her sake they loath'd  
Each old familiar face, that once they lov'd.  
Where she was wont to wander, wander'd they;  
The garden flowers she tended, they bound up  
With woeful care; their chill and shaking hands  
Made tremulous music with her lute, I shrink  
In hoary age to see such childish joys.  
They felt one after pleasure, the same hour  
They glided from their woes, their parting breath,  
Blended in languid blessings on her head,  
For her went suppliant to the throne of God,  
Their lost Myfanwy.—Trembling stood she there,  
Like one that strives to weep, but the hard tears

Are frozen in their source. 'Oh thou and I,  
Sweet Abisa (to that cold head she spake),  
We will go weep upon their graves, and win  
Their spirits to forgiveness: when they hear  
How fervent and how fatal were our loves,  
Heaven will lend airs to waft their mercy down."

He dug a grave for Abisa, and soothed  
her woes "by soft participation."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Lines on the Death of Her Royal High-  
ness the Princess Charlotte.* By the  
Rev. George Croly, A. M. 8vo.  
pp. 47.

THIS short poem contains many poeti-  
cal reflections and ideas, and is a  
pleasing tribute to the memory of our  
lamented Princess. Mr. Croly dis-  
plays much feeling in portraying the  
first happy and afterwards mournful  
situation of Prince Leopold; and ad-  
verts to many very interesting points in  
the short connubial career of this young  
couple. It is a pity that, with con-  
siderable talent, Mr. Croly suffers the  
admission of such rhymes to his per-  
formance as "thrill'd" and "child,"  
"now" and "woe," "strive" and "live;"  
they interrupt the harmony of his  
numbers, and disturb the attention  
which he had fixed before.

The chief merit of this poem consists  
in the pathetic delineation of character,  
and in the description of the scenes  
as they occurred. We proceed to give  
some extracts. Speaking of the expect-  
ation of a royal heir:—

"'Twas night; but there were thoughts in  
England's breast

Too wild, too waking, for its hour of rest;  
The strong anxieties of hope and fear,  
That must be joy or woe ere morn appear.  
Man loves the throne!—'tis not the glare of  
power;—

Flatters may fawn before it, dastards cower;  
The free-soul'd feel the homage that they feign,  
That morn might England hail a sovereign!  
But round the couch where England's daughter  
lies,

Are hovering all the heart's high sympathies:  
And thousands, tens of thousands, that had ne'er  
Look'd on the face, now pale in peril there,  
Were sleepless thro' her long, drear hours of pain,  
And sent up hopes and prayers,—in vain—in  
vain.

Night wand—the peasant, ere his limbs he laid  
On his low pallet, linger'd thro' the shade  
To hear the cannon; on the cloud his eye,  
To see the beacon redden in the sky.  
Proud steps were pacing many a princely hall,  
Impatient for the courier's signal call;  
That night the traveller saw in many a tower,  
Like phantoms risen on the lonely hour,  
Pale lamps, for there the ringer, by his bell,  
Was listening for the distant shout, the peal  
That oft seem'd rising, then with sudden swing  
Sank wild away upon the breeze's wing.  
But round one spot in deepening circles wait  
The royal courier, equipage of state;  
And broadly thro' the dusk the torches glow  
On crowds, that hour by hour like billows flow,  
Still, as from time to time the high valves ope,  
Rushing to catch the menial's tale of hope;  
As spurs the muffled horseman through the gate,  
Perusing in his face the nation's fate.

The hour's at hand!—a moment—and they fling  
The shout to heaven, the shout for Ocean's king!

'Twas Claremont's portal. In its chambers now  
Tears fall from eyes not used to their light flow;  
A group were bending round a canopy,  
With man's reluctant tear and struggling sigh;  
Prelate and peer were there, a stately ring;  
Pond'ring on Heaven's high will: there lay their  
king!

And now,—that pillow's all his sovereign throne;  
'Twas death's cold lip had kiss'd him,—he was  
gone.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"There lies posterity! that babe belong'd  
To times still coming, when our forms had throng'd  
The populous grave. Of all the myriad eyes  
Now fixed to see his star of beauty rise,  
Not one might see his height, all *must* be laid  
Beamless, ere nature plung'd his orb in shade;  
A hundred years of change, and still his hand  
Might hold the unchang'd sceptre, crush, com-  
mand;

What wonders in that more than talisman  
Might lie, thus waving in the world's bright van!  
All sunk—at once in that dead babe, subdued,  
Collapsed—the whole proud, vast vicissitude!

\* \* \* \* \*  
"The sigh, but not the sorrow pass'd;—for there  
Were tremblings for another sufferer.  
Yet in the palace all seem'd quickly calm,  
No hurrying taper on the darkness swam,  
No echo on the gusty wind was borne,  
Now chiller with the tidings of the morn.  
Dimness and silence all, but where the gloom  
Hung fainter round the ray from one high room,  
That seem'd a room of slumber, deep the fold  
Thro' which the struggling light in crimson roll'd.

"If slumber, 'twas soon past! a woman's cry  
Was heard within! 'twas pain, 'twas agony.  
Then all was tumult;—on the casements sweep  
Swift lights, shapes hast'ning as but sprung from  
sleep;

Down come the rushing menials, opes the porch,  
Sad and short tidings theirs,—the courier's torch  
Sweeps like a meteor o'er a midnight flood,  
The rollings of the deep, sad multitude.  
But in that fateful room the agony  
Was past, and but a sudden passing sigh,  
Some pang that heav'd, and scarcely heav'd the  
breast,

All now was calm, subdu'd, for final rest!  
There the young mother in her beauty lay,  
Patient, till life's slow pulse should ebb away;  
Smiles on her pale lip still, her eye unmov'd,  
To its last dimness fix'd on him she lov'd.  
Not agony could make her draw the hand  
From his, even by that gentle touch unmann'd.  
Oh, how unlike the hour of festival!  
That chamber, how unlike the gorgeous hall,  
Which saw that hand of faith and fondness given;  
'Twas on a summer day's delicious even,  
Propitious splendour in the purpling skies,  
The air all streaming with rich harmonies,  
Sent in with fragrance of the closing flower,  
Old England's royal pomp in court or bower!  
The hall was thick with regal luxury;—  
Studding like stars the dome, which look'd a sky,  
Cressets of alabaster and of gold,  
Wak'd all that pencil, or that steel could mould.  
Central, beside the altar, on her throne,  
Sat, diadem'd, the mother-queen, alone.  
And round her, hush'd in awful silence, stood  
Young beauty,—haughty forms of field and flood,  
Chiefs who shall be a glory to all time,  
Mix'd with soft shapes, like roses in their prime.

"Proud was the marriage pageant, fair the bride,  
Who stood that evening by the altar's side.  
She blush'd not, sank not; native majesty  
Was living in her voice, and form, and eye.  
Yet in that stately form a spirit strove,  
As soft as ever woman gave to love;  
Even then it strove; the heart's high fealty  
Scarcely pledg'd, still on the altar's step her knee.



Her nature rush'd upon her, tears outsprung,  
She rose, and round her sire her white arms flung,  
And met his press, fond, deeply, silently;  
Pleasure may smile, but love and joy *must* sigh.

The contrast between a marriage and a funeral is too forcible not to fill the imagination; and every heart has melted at the unforced and home stroke of pathos, when the mother of Juliet exclaims,

"I thought, sweet maid, thy bride-bed to have deck'd,  
Not to have strew'd thy grave!"

Mr. C., in the foregoing, has judiciously, as well as naturally, availed himself of this resource, which was open to him, for raising the interest of his poem, and has also had the felicity to be able to adorn the passage with more than poetry—with a delightful trait of character—with a most interesting contribution to the biography of the illustrious female whose untimely end he deplores. That the expression, "her nature rushed upon her," is a very well-chosen expression, we are not prepared to say; and, indeed, we could often quarrel with Mr. C.'s phraseology and diction; but the anecdote which he has recorded will not easily escape from the memory of his reader. It marks, we may add, by a single feature, that strength of feeling, which, combined with an inartificial demeanour, seems to have been the distinguishing stamp of the Princess Charlotte, and which reflects so much honour, at once on her own memory and on the education which she had received. As a domestic incident, the tenderness and dignity which belong to this anecdote will arrest every one's attention, and will, perhaps, assist in teaching what the vulgar find so difficult to believe, that there is no difference of condition which can alter human nature, but that the natural affections and domestic relations remain the same, amid every variation of worldly rank; and that station and external splendour influence, not so much those who possess them, as those who gaze upon them at a distance. They are like the fence which surrounds a paddock; within, all is carpeted with the same herbage, and covered with the same sky; but yet, to the multitude without, it is enveloped with the idea of a mysterious distinction.—Mr. C. next turns to the royal widower:

"There is a love! 'tis not the wandering fire  
That must be fed on folly, or expire;  
Gleam of polluted hearts, the meteor-ray  
That fades as rises Reason's nobler day;  
But passion made *essential*, holy, bright,  
Like the rais'd dead, our dust transform'd to light;  
But the rich foretaste of a loftier clime,  
Friendship of souls, in Heav'n scarce more sublime.  
Earth has its pangs for all; its happiest breast

Not his who meets them least, but bears them best.  
Life must be toil! yet, oh, that toil how drear,  
But for this soother of its brief career;  
The charm that virtue, beauty, fondness, bind,  
Till the mind mingles with its kindred mind!  
'Tis not the cold romancer's ecstasy,  
The flame new lit at every passing eye,  
But the high impulse that the stately soul  
Feels slow engross it, but engross it whole.  
Yet seeks it not, nay turns with stern disdain  
On its own weakness, that *can* wear a chain;  
Still wrestling with the angel, till its pride  
Feels all the strength departed from its side.  
Then join'd, and join'd for ever,—loving, lov'd,  
Life's darkest hours are met, and met unmov'd;  
Hand link'd in hand, the wedded pair pass on  
Thro' the world's changes, still unchanging, one;  
On earth one heart, one hope, one joy, one gloom,  
One closing hour, one—undivided tomb!

"But who, thou sad and solitary man,  
That sitt'st with eyes so fill'd, and lips so wan,  
Gazing on that dear face, where now the smile  
It tries, to cheer its Lord, *cannot* beguile,—  
Who shall bring healing to thy heart's despair?  
Thy whole rich sum of happiness lies there!  
Are there not moments when all round thee seem  
But the wild pressures of a painful dream?  
All round thee late so lovely, all so late,  
And thou! almost beyond the reach of fate;—  
All that ambition's sterner soul might move,  
Bound with the softest spell of lowly love.  
No! thou must think of them no more—the past,  
They were the visions—far too bright to last.  
Law of the mightier sorrows, memory  
Must die, to let the heart endure to be!  
Aye! gaze and watch beneath that lonely lamp,  
The flush, the sudden chill, the forehead damp;  
Bend with the words of soothing to her ear,  
That ev'n in life's last pulse it loves to hear.  
Let the past be a blank to thee,—the day  
That flow'd in life's sweet charities away;  
The evening that with various pleasures came,  
But its mild happiness, its soul the same;  
When on the harp the hand belov'd was flung,  
Or the rapt ear on noble converse hung;  
And she, young, sweet, devoted, all thine own,  
Was the proud daughter of earth's proudest throne,  
Who looking from her height of majesty  
On all earth's bright and brave, had chosen thee.  
And now,—thou sitt'st beside her deathbed! now  
She sinks before thine eye; and what art thou!

Oh, agony! to see, in shade on shade,  
Smile, glance, all, all the heart's fine features fade;  
Feel, like an arrow's point, the heavier sigh,  
And turn away,—in dread to see her die!  
Then—glance again, yet scarcely dare to raise  
The eye, and see—how life in her's decays;  
Then—shudder at the hand's expiring chill;  
Yet press, and feel it—colder—colder still!  
Away, thou man of misery! she's gone!  
Child—wife—are rent from thee,—thou art alone!

He saw her bier, and bore to see that sight,  
He sat beside it through that last long night;  
For he had fix'd his heart to suffer all!  
He rent not with wild hands its fearful pall;  
He rent not back its lid; the mind—the mind,  
There was the whole deep portraiture combin'd.  
Love's mournful miracle! earth, heaven above,  
What hide ye from the grief, the hope of Love!  
A thought! and plung'd in ocean's deepest wave,  
Weeping it stands beside its idol's grave;  
A thought! and risen on more than seraph's plume,  
It sees her wait him in her bower of bloom;  
And he, now gazing on that unmov'd fold,  
Saw all he long'd—lov'd—shudder'd to behold.  
He saw his beauty in her shroud's long veil,  
As monumental marble, brightly pale;  
The brow in its fair fillets bound, the cheek  
Pressing its pillow as in slumber meek;  
He saw the orbs of living lustre hid—  
For ever,—in the long, calm, violet lid;  
But their last look was his—the spirit pass'd

In love—his all, his hallowed to the last!  
The fingers that so wan and waxen peep  
Below the silver-knotted shroud; 'tis sleep,  
The innocent soft sleep of life, that gave  
No anguish, ere 'twas deepen'd in the grave.  
It was not that the matchless coronet  
Might on those gracious brows have glitter'd yet;  
He saw not in that coffin empire's heir;  
Ambition had not wept as he wept there;  
There is a deeper, undried fount, whence part  
Tears, that each drop seems blood,—the widow'd  
heart!  
Not pain—though in that first wild shock be pain,  
As if the o'erfill'd heart were rent in twain;  
But a strange feeling of the soul subdu'd—  
A chill, sad sense of utter solitude;  
As if the lightning wither'd us from heaven,  
As if the earth before our step was riven,  
And we unstruggling, from its verge were hurl'd;—  
The world not for us—we not for the world.

Who, that beside the opening tomb has stray'd,  
And borne to see the gambols of the spade,  
While the slave scoffing in the trench below  
Flings up some fearful thing at every throw,  
Felt not within, however fortified  
By holy truth, however fool'd by pride,  
A shock, a shrinking of the natural heart,  
Lest there at last might lie his better part?  
Ev'n with those whiten'd bones, that half chang'd  
clay,  
That grinning skull, that coffin's loose decay!

Princess of England! on thy head was laid  
The moral, that all under Heav'n is shade:  
Who murmurs at his lot, yet sees thee there?  
Who hears thy tale, yet feels no righteous fear  
We're made in fearfulness; some fine frail thing,  
Some viewless fibre, may have check'd life's spring,  
And now—an empire's tears could not recall  
The stately beauty sleeping in that pall;  
Not words give back the smile, that, as she lay,  
Wrung that pale weeper's heart—but yesterday."

The poem before us presents the mournful scene very clearly before our eyes; and, on the whole, we anticipate the public approbation of this poem, on a theme—so tender, yet so true.

## Original Correspondence.

### AUTHORS' HEADS AND FACES. To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Allow me to trouble you with a few remarks on a subject so nearly connected with literature, that it cannot be wholly inconsistent with the plan of your Journal. I allude to the practice of prefixing an author's head to the title-page of his work. The custom is of no recent date; but it never prevailed more generally than at present, when the faces of authors, eminent and obscure, comely and ill-favoured, are equally exposed and circulated for the benefit of the public gaze. It is an appendage which increases the expense of a publication, without often adding to its interest. We contemplate the face of an ordinary writer with indifference; of an admired one, too frequently with disappointment; and of an obscure one, not at all. Indeed, I question whether the portrait, title-page, and blank leaves at the beginning of a book, are not usually passed over with equal neglect. If, however, from the celebrity of the author, it happens to attract attention, how many there are who feel disposed to exclaim with



Madame Roland, when having flown on the wings of expectation to see the great D'Alembert, she was disappointed to find all her fond visions of personal sublimity vanish before the mortifying insignificance of the philosopher himself: "How much better it is to read a great man than to see him!" Madame Roland's feelings on this distressing occasion must have resembled those of the unfortunate lover, who had conceived a violent passion for a lady in the dusk of the evening, "*qui nunquam visæ flagrabat amore puellæ*:"—

"When, in the dark, on thy soft hand I hung,  
And heard the tempting syren of thy tongue,  
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!  
But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd."

There is another circumstance, which I would recommend to the serious consideration of authors. When the engraving, by repeated impressions, has become partially effaced, unskilful hands are generally employed to restore it; and these seldom fail to make such alterations and additions as are far from flattering to the original proprietor of the features. Of this, Dr. Johnson and Sir W. Blackstone are striking and melancholy instances. The face of the former has passed through as many varieties of ugliness as his Dictionary has editions; and the latter, after having undergone equally "strange mutations," is now scarcely distinguishable from the wig which envelops it. Such are the inconveniences resulting from the imprudent exposure of a great man's face; and surely they are not to be numbered among the least of the many varied evils to which eminent merit is obnoxious.

Queen Elizabeth seems to have been fully sensible of the danger she incurred from the libellous imitations of inferior limners. That wise and discreet princess, pursuing the example held out to her by the Macedonian Monarch, allowed her royal lineaments to be committed to canvass by a "cunning artist," but laid a strict embargo on the circulation of any other similitude whatever. (*Vide Miss Aikin's Memoirs.*)

— "Ac neque ficto

In pejus vultu proponi cerens usquam,  
Nec pravè factis decorari versibus opto."

Hon.

The latter part of my quotation is certainly not applicable, as her Majesty was far from being fastidious about the language of praise, although it required only an equal stretch of prerogative to suppress all bad poetry. Nor does it appear that she ever bestowed any reward, even with the mortifying conditions on which a certain vile poet is said to have been dismissed with a present from Augustus.—Just as we sometimes give sixpence to an itinerant organ grinder, that he may not play under our windows.

At any rate, if an author, fearless of all the fatal consequences which I have been describing, shall think proper to annex his portrait to his works, he cannot reasonably complain if both undergo the same ordeal of rigorous and impartial criticism. He must not be surprised to hear it remarked, that "the interior of his head is better furnished than its exterior would have led one to conjecture;" or to be told, that "his poem and his nose are both too long." Such has already been the fate of one unfortunate gentleman, who lately gave

to the world an account of his missionary labours, accompanied by an engraving of himself; when a most respectable Review took occasion to animadvert on the impolicy of sending so ill-favoured an apostle to work the conversion of the heathen!

In short, sir, there appears to be but one class of books in which this appendage is desirable, and that is, where the author is one who, in the words of a well-known epigram,—

— "Diverts you with his jokes;  
Yet, when he writes, is dull like other folks.  
And what's the reason?—This, sir, is the case,  
The jest is lost, unless he prints his face."

An hypothesis, which clearly accounts for that inflexible stillness of countenance with which very many facetious writers are apt to be read. Thus, who can doubt but that, if a work of humour were to appear from the pen of Mr. Grimaldi, the face of that eminent wit, properly chalked and painted, would be as indispensably necessary, as the Commentary of Coke is to one who would comprehend Lyttleton, or a Lexicon to discover the meaning of that ugly Greek word\*, which stands over the door of the Servants' Office in Soho-square.

Yours, &c.

P. Q.

Temple.

P.S.—I have only just learned, that the hard word alluded to in my letter, which has so long stood in Charles-street, Soho, to the utter dismay and discomfiture of all such of His Majesty's liege subjects as happened not to understand Greek, has lately been *done into English*, and the translation wisely written beneath.

#### NEW CHURCHES.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—I cannot but acknowledge that there never was a subject upon which I felt a keener interest than the one to which your Correspondent, EUSEBIUS, has drawn the attention of your readers—I mean the subject of New Churches: and I am happy to see the pages of a Journal, of which the promise is so high and the character so respectable, devoted to the consideration of a topic, than which surely none can be more important to the best and dearest interests of religion. Nothing but this conviction should prompt me to add any thing further to the clear and convincing statements with which Eusebius has addressed you. I must compress, within the smallest compass, the thoughts which crowd in my mind; and, relying on your perfect independence and liberality of principle, I hope they will be inserted. As to the additional number of churches being built, it is a plan of which I approve; but, at the same time, I question much whether any great good will result, as long as the present system exists: for, as things now are, what will be the consequence? The churches will be built, and the livings will probably be conferred on some richly endowed clergyman, who will of necessity be often an absentee, and commit the care of souls to a deputy, who has neither the means nor the will, from his inadequate remuneration, of doing in the parish the good that, it is presumed, can be dis-

pensed by the incumbent: and, again, in the parishes in which he resides throughout the year, he might probably consider the calls of duty too numerous. He therefore employs a curate, with whom he shares the duty, reserving, as is illustrated in every parish in the metropolis, in which there are both a curate and a rector, the pulpit to himself on the Sunday morning, and leaving to the deputy all the weekly offices of the church to be performed; such as reading prayers, baptizing, burying, visiting the sick and dying. This is one point by which the erection of the new churches will be rendered productive of little good. Alter the present system—prefer a clergyman, not from any interest he can command, but from the talents and piety he has exhibited, and make his constant residence a *sine quâ non*; then erect new churches, and mighty will be the good that will be spread throughout every parish in the kingdom. It has been observed by many, that, *practically, there is no want of church room, except in places where people are desirous of going to church and cannot obtain seats!*

Now what is the real fact? Why is this desire felt in one place more than in another? and Why is one church *empty*, and another *full*? The truth is, as your Correspondent has well remarked, it is owing to the vicious system which at present obtains; and which generates, in too many instances, in indolent or incompetent clergy. I am persuaded that were there a competent minister in every parish, every parish church would be *full*; and that the excess of worshippers, in some churches, is caused by those who have strayed from their own church, through the incompetence of their own incumbent, or curate. Take a walk through the City on a Sunday, and see this fact exemplified. Is there a pains-taking and popular clergyman to be found? His church is always crowded, not by his own parishioners only, but by persons out of the neighbouring parishes. Do you find another church in which there are but few worshippers? Investigate the cause, and it will be the incompetency of the officiating clergyman: either his voice is too weak to be heard,—his life too inconsistent to be respected,—or his general manner of *praying* and *preaching*, such as neither to attract by its devotion, nor impress by its warmth.

With regard to seats in our churches, the evil is one of frightful magnitude. It causes many to absent themselves from churches, who would willingly go thither, if they could be accommodated, which they always would be, if churches were free to every one. It is a melancholy truth, that there is not a church in the metropolis to which a person can go for the worship of his Maker, without his being called upon for his admission-fee: and if it be withheld, he must either be content to stand, or to sit on the benches appropriated for the poor; which, to be sure, ought to be no evil in a place in which all distinction of worldly rank should be forgotten. Thus, either through the want of accommodation, or the incompetency of the minister, the people are driven to the meeting-house; and I consider when one of my own flock strays thither, he is lost to me for ever: so much kinder is the treatment he receives, and the accommodation he meets

\* Therapologia.



with, in the new fold, to which he has been allured! I live in a parish in which we had once a bad shepherd, and he made many of us Dissenters; and few, indeed, of those whom he drove from his pasturage ever returned back, and they even now refuse to be fed with the wholesome food which is dispensed to the remaining flock. As to the want of accommodation in churches, a singular fact only yesterday was mentioned to me: I was told that most of our parishioners of the lower orders frequented the meeting-houses, if they went at all to any place of worship. Being a friend to a sober and rational view of religious matters, I determined instantly on visiting some of them; and I absolutely saw and conversed with some hundreds. I asked them whether it was true that they never went to church. They admitted it; alleging as the reason, that though they liked, and could understand, the *parson*, yet they could never find a sitting, or any one to show them any civility. I am sensible that this obtains in most churches, as it respects the lower orders.

I will not trouble you much farther: but permit me to say, that I wholly agree with Eusebius on the subject of equalizing livings. The plan is neither crude nor impracticable; and I moreover think, that the very existence of the church depends upon its adoption: and it would be a master-stroke of policy to make the clergy dependent upon the nation, rather than upon the soil of the earth, for their support. Seeing the injury which the church and religion have sustained, and are daily sustaining through the existence of the *tythe-system*, my decided opinion is, that in every view it should be abolished; and that no clergyman should be allowed to have hold upon an inch of land, as a compensation for his services, or as a subsistence for his family. This surely should be viewed as a *question of religion*, in which every personal consideration should be merged; and if it be true, and no man of a free and unbiassed mind will doubt it, that the good of religion and the interests of the church are deeply affected and injured by the present system, it follows that, if either are worth preserving, some new scheme should be adopted; since the former, or, to speak more correctly, the *present* has failed, and that the true consideration is not to regard the *parts*, if by their *amputation*, or *sufferings*, the *whole body* can be preserved; or, in other words, that the rights and privileges of the clergy ought to be sacrificed, when the very existence of religion and the church depends upon it.

"The Church is in Danger;" but not from the hue and cry of "No Popery," or from any other watch-word of a party; but its danger arises from the vice and poison of its own system. The fabric itself is beautiful inwards and outwards, and worthy of all the love and admiration of those who pray for her peace, and that prosperity may be in her palaces. Let her priests be clothed in righteousness, then will her saints rejoice and sing!

With respect to the character of the clergy, which it is the opinion of some would be deteriorated by the equalization of church property, I cannot admit that the conclusion is just. On the contrary, I believe that it would receive a moral elevation, more be-

fitting the sons of the prophets, for the faithful discharge of their very important duties. They would still enjoy the advantages of a learned education at the Universities; and most of them would be distinguished for those moral and intellectual attainments, which confer a real grace and dignity on the pastoral character. There would always be a certain proportion aiming at academical honours, and endeavouring to establish themselves in situations in their respective colleges; while all, I think, knowing what may be their future destination with their allotted incomes, would make it a primary point, which I fear is now sometimes rendered a subordinate one, to acquire those moral habits and religious views, which shall well befit them in the character of parish priests, to adorn that station in which they are fixed for life, and in which they may be assured that, without any miraculous interposition of spiritual agency, they will save their own souls, and those committed to their charge!

As to the four thousand seven hundred parishes, in which we learn that there is no parsonage-house\*, or none fit for residence: such are the incalculable advantages resulting from the constant residence of the parochial clergy, that this is a point to which primary attention should be paid, and fit and convenient houses should be erected.

The existing laws are very inadequate to enforce residence; and under some plea or other, the personal services of an incumbent are dispensed with, whenever it is his inclination to reside elsewhere: and as to the poorer clergy, the curates, it is impossible, under the present system, to devise any plan by which their condition can be improved. They are wholly dependent on the caprice of their *employers*; and are palmed on parishes in general, not on account of any talents they possess, but because they have stipulated to perform duty for so much: and the lower their demands, the more acceptable are their services often considered by those who engage them!

PHILO-EUSEBIUS.

May 11, 1818.

#### MR. WEST'S PICTURE

OF /

#### DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Your very just criticism, in the last Number of your valuable Journal, on Mr. West's "*terribly sublime*" painting of Death on the Pale Horse, in which I perfectly coincide, has induced me to notice, not only the style, as mentioned by you, in conformity to his other pictures, but more particularly the subject of that part of it, which appears to me to be the most objectionable, though not the least prominent, of this "*epic composition*;" namely, the representation of Christ himself, (however applicable may be the description in a subsequent chapter of the Revelations,) mounted on a white horse, in full speed, and armed with a bow and arrow, like the heathen Apollo. The words in the sixth chapter of Revelations, ver. 2, from which this representation has been

\* Among other places that might be mentioned, Aldington, in Sussex, may be selected, in which there are neither church nor parsonage-house, though the rector clears full £500. per annum from the living!

taken, being simply, "*He that sat on the white horse had a bow;*" and the whole chapter being in typical and hieroglyphical language, in the style of ancient prophecy, and involved, from its nature, in no slight degree of obscurity, commences, as Bishop Newton well observes, with the time of Vespasian, who, from commanding in the East, was advanced to the empire; and, for this reason, was regarded both by Romans and foreigners, as "*that great Prince, who was to come out of the East, and obtain dominion over the world by the conquest of Judea:*" and though it may ultimately allude to the triumph of our Saviour, who had received a kingdom from the Father, which was to rule all nations, I do not think it a fit representation to be depicted in its literal sense—"oculis subjecta fidelibus," as it is by Mr. West on the canvas; particularly at a period when St. John, in his Revelations, refers to Christ after his ascension, when raised from the dead, and not, as in his Gospel, to Christ when on earth. Thus, in the 45th Psalm, ver. 3 and 4, we find, "*Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty! and in thy majesty ride most prosperously,*" &c.; wherein the Messiah is typified as coming victoriously to set up his *spiritual* kingdom in our hearts, by a *figurative* and *allegorical* allusion to earthly potentates, who are invested with the insignia of majesty, and girded with their proper armour, when they go forth to battle: but the sword with which Christ was armed, was the "*sword of the Spirit,*" which is the word of God.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

June 1.

R. P. J.

#### PICTORIAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Your public declaration on the Fine Arts, contained in the excellent introductory remarks on the Spring Garden Exhibition, in No. 9 of the Literary Journal, has been viewed as a pledge of your sincerity: if this be steadily persevered in, your Paper will supply that desideratum, which the partial and illiberal conduct of almost every other periodical work before the public has rendered apparent, for a right estimation of the fine arts, or its professors. I shall closely watch your adherence to those principles, by which alone you have declared that your reports shall be influenced; and I am induced, in this letter, to hold your promise to your view, because I think the remarks on Mr. West, in the last Number, were not dictated by that spirit of liberality, which is alone consistent with your declaration. Is there not a personality in the following statement, uncalled for by fair criticism on the picture?—"He seems to have stopped very early in his career, in a self-sufficient feeling; and to have soon sat down, impressed with the consciousness of his own perfection." As a public work, Mr. W.'s picture is open to an honest report of its beauties and faults; but those, in your report, were overlooked; and these, recorded,—as if the reporter enjoyed his occupation: surely 'tis as honourable to our taste and judgment to discover the beauties of a work, as its defects; and every feeling mind might have sympathized with the group over the Dead Mother



and Child:—there is great beauty and pathos in his conception of that scene; and a heart so unsusceptible of the best feelings of our nature, ought not to have been united to the head of a writer on the Fine Arts.

The common-place character of the criticism is another dereliction from your promise. The stupid writer on the Fine Arts in the Examiner could not have been on safer ground than your critic, in praising Mr. West's drawing; 'tis common-place, because 'tis often asserted, and admitted to be true, —because nobody has contradicted it: but these echoes are no longer believed to be oracular: people, in the present age, exercise the privilege of questioning, by common sense, the assertions of those who deal in apparent truisms; and artists, who have studied the human figure, know, that Mr. West's drawing is defective; that it is *mannered*, powerless, and inferior to any other means of art he possesses. Analogous to the criticism I have noticed, was the sapient remark of a *connoisseur* at Sir John Leicester's delightful Gallery, last week. He was looking at *The Sleeping Nymph*, and said, to a lady on his arm, who appeared to be his daughter, "Ah, my dear, what a pity 'tis, you see, that in this, like all the rest of *Sir Joshua's* pictures, *the colours are flying!*" This remark was made on a picture of *Hopner's*, in a fine state of preservation!

Mr. West's knowledge of the rules of art is extensive, and in composition is unrivalled; 'tis his excellence in this which makes his sketches in general so superior to his finished pictures: his stories are powerfully told by the arrangements of his groups, while the details of drawing and expression are left to the imagination of the observer. Mr. West is not, as your critic observes, "invariably wanting in feeling and taste;" he sometimes elicits striking beauties, which demand our sympathy, as in the Mother and Child, and Blind Girl, in "Christ Healing in the Temple;" and in the figure of Death on the Pale Horse, in the finished picture, the king of terrors has exceeded in sublimity his sketch.

Your critic quarrels with Mr. West, because he calls one composition "epic," and the other "terribly sublime:" 'tis not what Mr. West calls them, but what we feel them to be, that we should estimate and report.—"A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet." The picture of Death on the Pale Horse, is sublime in its subject and treatment,—I think, "terribly sublime." The murky tone near Death, and of Hell following in his train, contrasted with the vivid effect of the sky, opening with the dreadful contention of the elements, and the violence of the principal figure, are impressive, and impose an awful and harrowing feeling on all the visitors, who have been there to estimate it by their feelings instead of newspaper report.

To Mr. West, the arts in this country are much indebted, for the resolution with which he has, through a long life, devoted his professional talents to their highest reach, and contended with public apathy. He is almost the only man who has persevered in that pursuit, with an endeavour to elevate his art above mere *upholstery*; and, distinguishing between public and private works,

has endeavoured to raise it here to that scale of immortality, which has perpetuated the ages of Pericles and Leo the Xth. And though, without a sneer, I say, I think he will no more rank with "*one Raphael*," than Pope will rank with Shakespeare, still we owe him our gratitude for the public admiration of art which he has so powerfully helped to create; and our respect for that perseverance and devotion to his noble pursuit, which posterity will acknowledge, in spite of the unfavourable prophecies and ignorance of contemporary criticism.

You have voluntarily promised to be governed by liberal principles:—adhere to these, and your reports will command the approbation and support of every man of taste, whether he be professional or an amateur: let your maxim be, never to sink the ART in the *artist*,—to praise an acquaintance, or abuse a stranger: let not your Paper bear the character, which other works of the present day do, of devoting half their pages to the puffing of one man and his pupils, and the other half to the abuse of every one else; and it will be read with attention, instead of being thrown aside with contempt.

I cannot close my letter without adverting to your remarks under the important head of the Fine Arts, among the numerous works at the Royal Academy, on a drawing of Flowers, by a young lady: though her drawing give evidence of her accomplishment in an elegant art, she will gain infinitely less, than you will lose, in the estimation of the public, by an unimportant notice, while such works as Fuzeli's sublime conception from Dante, Hilton's classical picture of Una and the Satyrs, from Spencer, Howard's Fairies, and Collins's excellent pictures, remain unenlarged upon. If you sacrifice the dignity and independence of your pages to one friend, another will expect it. Stoical firmness, an Editor's most essential attribute, must not be sacrificed to friendship or gallantry; for it can never be exercised but at the expense of impartiality and good temper.

W.

#### FAMILIAR INSTRUCTION FOR MAKING THE CALEIDOSCOPE.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Having read, with much pleasure, the accounts you have hitherto given of the Kaleidoscope, and which, though very useful to the man of science, is not entirely so to the general reader, I beg leave to submit to your attention the following brief instructions, which, I think, cannot fail of making the practical part of its manufacture perfectly intelligible,—even to a person wholly unacquainted with the instrument.

The *reflectors*, which constitute the principal part of this instrument, may be formed either of glass or metal; if of the former material, that which is called *plate* is best adapted for the purpose. When metal is used, a mixture must be formed of the following proportions: copper, thirty-two; tin, fifteen; brass, one; silver, one; arsenic, one: but, as this can only be done by a skilful mechanic, I should recommend the use of glass in preference.

Two pieces of plate-glass having been procured, nine inches long, by one inch seven-eighths wide, their back surfaces must be

covered with a thin coating of *Brunswick black*; or, if that is not to be procured, common black sealing-wax will answer very well. A piece of black silk may then be fastened to the back of each by the heated wax, which will give them the appearance of a portfolio, or book, with the bright sides of the glass inwards.

A tin tube must now be formed, of nine inches in length and two diameter, to one end of which is fitted a cover, precisely like the lid of a box: the cover must have a small hole, pierced in the centre, of one-fourth of an inch diameter; the other, which I shall call the object end of the tube, must be furnished with a ring of tin, one inch in depth, and having a small head turned over at one end, to support a piece of round flint glass, made to fit the tube, and ground on one side\*. A narrow slip of whalebone, bent round in the shape of the ring, is then sprung in: over this, and supported by the whalebone, is placed another piece of flint-glass, cut round like the preceding, but not ground, and leaving a space between the two glasses of three-eighths of an inch in depth. In this box, formed by the ring and glasses, is placed the objects looked at; which may be composed of a number of pieces of coloured glass, lace, bugles, opal, flowers, &c., sufficiently loose to fall with the slightest motion†.

The two reflectors, put together as before described, are now to be carefully placed in the tube, and fastened with three pieces of cork, cut in the form of wedges‡, and by means of which they may be set to any given angle: the only means of correctly ascertaining the angle is by a *sector*: as that instrument is both expensive and difficult to be procured, it will be necessary to alter the angles of the glasses, by shifting the cork wedges till each of the points or divisions of the circle appear regularly and equally divided. In the hope that these hints may be useful to the numerous readers of your very amusing miscellany,

I remain, &c.

#### ON THE CALEIDOSCOPE.

[Continued from our last, p. 156.]

The controversy concerning the invention of the Kaleidoscope still continues. In England, the claims of Porta, Kircher, and Bradley, are opposed to those of Dr. Brewster; and in France a host of living competitors, among whom are M. M. Chevalier and Robertson, have started up. A further variety of names and modifications of the instrument are also reported to us from Paris. Among the former is that of the *FRENCH LAMP*; and the instrument itself takes place among the latter, as being a separate modification of the Kaleidoscope. We rejoice in the variety thus presenting

\* This is done by rubbing the glass upon a piece of marble, with sand and water.

† The tin, of which the tube is formed, will quickly become corroded by the warmth of the hands, and assume a dull and rusty appearance: to prevent this, a varnish may be made of sealing-wax, and a small quantity of spirit of turpentine, melted over the fire, and then lightly laid upon the tube with a small brush.

‡ The cork must be placed at that end of the tube which has the eye-hole, as the object-end must be quite free from any obstruction to the view



itself, as being further exercises of the ingenuity of the inventors, fresh stores of innocent and elegant amusement, and new acquisitions to commerce.

RICHARD BRADLEY, F.R.S.

As we were the first to bring under the public eye the claim of Bradley to the instrument described and figured in our Ninth Number\*, and as we have also been the first to dispute *originality*, which that writer assumes for his instrument, so it peculiarly belongs to us to enlighten the public mind as to the literary and scientific character of that person, which we are now enabled to do by the following extract:—

“Richard Bradley, Fellow of the Royal Society, the well-known author of various treatises in natural history, husbandry, &c. was professor of botany at Cambridge. He was chosen into that office November the 10th, 1724, by means of a *pretended* verbal recommendation from Dr. Sherard to Dr. Bentley, and pompous assurances that he would procure the University a public botanic garden by his own private purse and personal interest. The vanity of his promises was now seen, and his total ignorance of the learned languages known; so that, as the professor neglected to read lectures himself, the University made no difficulty to permit Mr. Martyn to do it. Mr. Bradley, however, read a course of lectures on the *Materia Medica* in 1729, at the Bull Inn (see the *Grub-street Journal*, No. 11). In 1731 he was grown so scandalous, that it was in agitation to turn him out of his professorship; and he died in the latter end of 1732. It may seem strange to assert, that the translator of Xenophon's *Oeconomicks* did not understand Greek: it is, however, true. Mr. Bradley's being then a popular name, he was paid by the booksellers for permitting them to insert it in the title. He might, however, have made this translation without much knowledge of the Greek language; for, upon examination, it turns out only to be an old translation modernized.—*Martyn's Dissertation on the Æneid of Virgil*, p. 45†.”

#### NEW PIECE OF FURNITURE.

It is an observation which has been repeated till it is become stale, and which was not, when first made, entirely founded in truth, “That the greatest benefactor to mankind, is he that is able to make two blades of grass grow where only one blade grew before.” The truth is, that it is not food, but employment, (the means of procuring food,) that is the great permanent want of civilized countries‡, and that the true benefactor is he, who creates a new desire, introduces a new taste, and multiplies the means of gratification, for those who have money to lay out; that is, have the power of giving employment. In this view, then, Dr. Brewster has placed himself in a very enviable rank among mankind. While he has delighted the rich, he has fed the poor. For our part, we shall never be satisfied till we see Caleidoscopes manufactured like nutmeg-graters, and sold for twopence or threepence a piece, or rivalling the tin whistles, with which the children treat our ears so freely

at fair-times. But, waiting that consummation, it gratifies us to see the numbers and low prices in and at which the Caleidoscope is already made and sold, and the consequent profitable consumption of materials\* and labour. While the distresses of the labouring classes were felt with peculiar severity (in the winters of 1816-17.) what relief was so much to have been desired as the contrivance of a new manufacture—the creation of a new want in the wealthy part of society? This has at length been done, and the country has reason to be grateful!

While, however, the Hand-Caleidoscopes are thus becoming universal among all ranks,—while the shops exhibit them in piles,—and while millions yet remain to be provided with them, in various kinds and forms, and at various prices†, we are much pleased to find that a still more complete article of luxury, such as is capable of being rendered very costly, and may also be provided on frugal terms, has been devised, and which, for the present, we shall give the name of Chamber Caleidoscopes. These are articles of furniture for the drawing room. They are mounted on stands, like telescopes, and are ready for every eye, at all times. The acquisition of this toy is invaluable. What a fund of amusement and conversation for those burdensome moments during which a company is assembled for dinner,—perhaps waiting beyond the hour, for the cook,—or waiting for an unfortunate or ill-mannered guest, who is not punctual to his engagement. At such a moment, when, the stomach being empty, the animal spirits are exhausted, and silence can scarcely be broken,—when it is scarcely possible to say anything more about the dryness or the wetness of the weather,—what a relief is the Chamber Caleidoscope!

#### “THE TIME-STEALER.”

The time, it must be acknowledged, which so many are frequently spending in turning and turning the Caleidoscope, may sometimes call forth the censure of others, and sometimes self-reproach. All things may be abused. But, without entering, at present, into a more elaborate defence of the new amusement, let us be persuaded, that the contemplation of beauty is seldom without its use, however little that use is always, at the moment, discoverable. What, for example, is true of the beauty of nature, is equally true of the beauty of art; and of the former the poet has said,

—“’Tis not in vain,  
(I hear my Hamilton reply,  
The torch of Fancy in his eye.)  
’Tis not in vain, I hear him say,  
That NATURE paints her works so gay;  
If sweet sensations these produce,  
I know they have their moral use;  
I know that NATURE'S CHARMS can move  
The springs that work to NATURE'S LOVE‡.”

Now, the LOVE OF ART is one of the great bases of the happiness of individuals and of society; and, with respect to simply innocent diversions, we may apply to the CALEIDO-

\* The “urchins” alluded to in our Eighth Number, p. 122, may possibly thank us for informing them, that large stores of *objects* for the Caleidoscope are kept for sale at Mr. Stepney's, 50, Rosamond-street, Clerkenwell.

† See the prices at which they are sold by Messrs. W. and J. Jones, 30, Holborn-hill, in our preceding Number, p. 156.

‡ Langhorne.

SCOPE, what is said even by Bradley (in the absence of more respectable authority) on the amusement derived from GARDENS. The words occur in the course of a dedication to Lord Chief Justice Parker:—“The temptations to vice are always taken off, in proportion to the employment of those minutes which are by many spent in idleness; and the vicious and litigious part of mankind, whom your Lordship's just awards correct, would be much lessened, if recreations of this nature took up more of the time of those who have an opportunity of spending it in gardens.” And, again, (what upon these premises we may not be unwilling to concede,) “A due cultivation of these innocent pleasures will both improve our understanding and better our morals\*.”

(To be continued.)

#### A PRISON.

(From a Tract, printed in 1686, entitled “*Twelve Ingenious Characters*†.”)

A prison is the grave of the living, where they are shut out from the world and their friends; and the worms that gnaw upon them are their own thoughts and the jailor. ’Tis a house of meagre looks and ill smells; for vermin, drink, and tobacco, are the compound. Pluto's court was exprest from this fancy, and the persons are much about the same party that is there. You may ask, as Manippus in Lucan, which is Nireus? which Thersites? which the beggar? which the knight? for they are all suited in the same form, of a kind of nasty poverty: only to be out at elbows is in fashion here, and ’tis a great indecorum not to be thread-bare. Every man shows here like so many wrecks upon the sea; here the ribs of a thousand pounds; here the relic of so many manors is a doublet without buttons; and ’tis a spectacle of more pity than excursions are. The company, one with another, is but a vying of complaints, and the causes they have to rail on fortune, and fool themselves; and there is a great deal of good fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their creditors, most bitter against the lawyers, as men that have had a great share in assisting them thither. Mirth here is stupidity, or hard-heartedness; yet they feign it sometimes to shun melancholy, and keep off themselves from themselves, and the torment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old suit, the faster the better; and he that deceives the time best, best spends it. It is the place where new comers are most welcomed, and next them ill news, as that which extends their fellowship in misery, and leaves few to exult; and they breathe their discontents more securely here, and have their tongues at more liberty than their bodies. Men see here much sin and calamity, and when the last does not mortify, the other hardens; and those that are wicked here are desperately wicked, as those from whom the honour of sin is taken off and the punishment familiar: and commonly a hard thought passes on all that come from this school, which, though it teach much wisdom, it is too late, and with danger; and it is better to be a fool than to come here to learn it.

\* New Improvements in Planting and Gardening, 1717.

† See “The Milk-maid,” No. VI. p. 91.

\* See, also, our Eighth Number, p. 122.

† Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, Vol. I. p. 709.

‡ See Mr. Kendall's Proposals for a Colonial Institution, Free Drawing Schools, &c.



## AN ACCOUNT OF THE OPAS; OR, POISON TREE OF JAVA.



## REFERENCES TO THE FIGURE.

- A. A branch in leaf (natural size).
- B. A male flower (ditto).
- C. Fruit and calyx.
- D. An anther (magnified).
- E. A squame, or scale (ditto).
- F. A female flower (ditto).

The poetry of Darwin, and the extraordinary fables adopted by that writer, have contributed to give a strong interest to the history of the tree, in the mind of the English reader. Darwin was misled by Foersch; and, in his capacity of poet, he was not required to be too slow in giving credit to the marvellous. Dr. Horsefield, whose *Essay on the Opas-tree*\*, printed in the seventh volume of the *Transactions of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences*, shall appear in a succeeding Number, has the following remarks on the story told by Foersch:—

“The literary and scientific world has in few instances been more grossly and impudently imposed upon, than by the account of the *Pohon Oopas*, published in Holland about the year 1780. The history and origin of this celebrated forgery still remains a mystery. Foersch, who put his name to the publication, was (according to information I have received from credible persons, who have long resided in the island,) a surgeon in the Dutch East India Company's service, about the time the account of the *Oopas* ap-

peared\*. It would be in some degree interesting to learn his character. I have been led to suppose that his literary abilities were as mean as his contempt of truth was consummate.”

To this, however, it should be added, that although the earlier accounts of this tree are found to be false, and highly extravagant, yet the facts collected by Dr. Horsefield himself, and his own experiments on the poison, are exceedingly curious and interesting.

(To be continued.)

AN  
HISTORICAL NARRATION  
OF THE  
WHOLE BIBLE.

By J. HAMOND, D.D.

GENESIS.

GENESIS: this word signifieth the beginning and generation<sup>a</sup> of all the creatures.

Moses, in this book, doth set forth unto us, (chap. i.) First<sup>b</sup>, that the world, and all things therein, were by God created; wherein is manifested the Lord's omnipotence, in his creating all things of nothing, and his bounty in furnishing and supplying all people with all fitting things; and likewise the Lord's love to man, in giving him dominion over all the creatures.

\* He was a surgeon of the third class, at Samarang, in the year 1775. His account of the *Opas Tree* appeared in 1783.

<sup>a</sup> The Old Testament contains the law and the prophets.

<sup>b</sup> In Genesis is set forth the creation of the world, and God's order in the beginning.

The Lord made man out of the dust of the earth<sup>c</sup>, whereby he was taught humility of mind.

Adam the first man<sup>d</sup> took his name from Adamah, signifying red earth, as being formed of the red slime of the earth; the name in the Teutonic tongue signifying living breath.

The Latins derive homo from humo; and some say that man was made in Syria, near to Damascus<sup>e</sup>, because there is much red earth; others do say near to Hebron, a city in the tribe of Judah, and that should be buried in a cave there, which the inhabitants thereof do show unto pilgrims.

The Lord formed the woman out of man<sup>f</sup>, as to be a help-meet for him<sup>g</sup>, causing a deep sleep to come upon him; so taking a rib from him, therewith made he the woman “Eve;” which is as to say “consimilis,” “even the same.”

Woman, so named as out of the womb man should proceed. The maker was God, the matter a rib of Adam, the form a building, the end to be a meet-help.

Adam after his creation was seated in Paradise<sup>h</sup>, there to behold God's wonderful work, and to magnify him; yet suddenly fell, through disobedience, from God. That which moved them to disobey was partly

<sup>c</sup> Chap. ii. 7.

<sup>d</sup> Man is the last and most admirable of God's works in respect of his internal form, both in the nature, quality, and other attributes thereof.

<sup>e</sup> Man was last created, as the end of the rest, consisting of a visible and invisible nature, to whom all the creatures should serve as means and provocations of his service to his and their Creator.

<sup>f</sup> Chap. ii. 20.

<sup>g</sup> Of his rib to be a help and support of him in his calling; of the rib near the heart, showing them that they should be fast joined.

<sup>h</sup> A pleasant garden, plentifully furnished with fruitful trees, and chiefly myrtles.

\* Also written *Upas* and *Oopas*.—*EDIT.*



pleasure and partly pride: the fruit was delightful.

Paradise<sup>1</sup>: the word signifieth a pleasant garden plentifully furnished with fruitful trees, and principally with myrtle-trees, the which bear fruit of a very delectable taste.

It was also called Eden<sup>k</sup>; a place plentifully furnished with all things necessary for the procuring of pleasures and delight.

Into this place God put man<sup>l</sup> to dress it; but where it stood there are divers opinions.

Through the devil's malice and man's own wilfulness he soon fell from this place<sup>m</sup>; whereby he came to be cursed, and his posterity: yet, nevertheless, the Lord restored him to life for his own mercy's sake; and confirmed him in the same by his promise of Christ to come, by and through whom he should overcome Satan<sup>n</sup>, death, and hell; comforted through God's mercy<sup>o</sup> by a promise of the seed of the woman. Christ Jesus, the Son of God, is promised to be made of the seed of the woman; and he by death overcame death.—*Ephes. v.*

In the fourth chapter, and so following<sup>p</sup>, is set forth a description of the wicked, who being unmindful of God's blessings and benefits, do remain still in their wickedness; so falling from one sin to another, do provoke the Lord at length to destroy the whole world<sup>q</sup>. It is said that the earth also was corrupt before God; Moses giving the reason, saying, the earth was filled with cruelty.—*Gen. vi. 11, 13.* They quickly began to condemn God, and oppress their neighbours.

Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise, dwelt in Damascus, one hundred and sixty miles from Jerusalem, as Munster and other writers say<sup>r</sup>. The townsmen there show the place where Cain slew his brother<sup>s</sup> Abel. And it is somewhat to be believed that this city received her name thereby; for that Damascus signifieth blood-shedding, or a place which hath drunk up blood. Cain denoteth angry, wrathful, or shrewd.

So that the second sin of the world was murder, (chap. iv. 11, 12, 14,) in Cain com-

<sup>1</sup> Sin hath brought a confusion of this place, inasmuch that it cannot certainly be found.

<sup>k</sup> Eden signifies pleasure.

<sup>l</sup> Chap. ii. 8, 9.

<sup>m</sup> He was forbidden to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, of life and death; but he disobeyed the authority of the Lawgiver.

<sup>n</sup> Chap. iii. 15.

<sup>o</sup> Our first parents are not to be considered as singular persons only defiling themselves; but as the root of mankind, which had received original righteousness to keep or to lose to them and theirs as a perpetual inheritance.

<sup>p</sup> The misery unto which man fell.

<sup>q</sup> In the state of creation man was made able to commit no sin, but in the state of corruption he cannot but sin, until a third state (of grace) do free him from the reigning and imputation of sin.

<sup>r</sup> God taught Adam and Eve how they should worship him, and they instructed their children. Cain was a husbandman, and brought his offering of the fruit of the ground: Abel, a shepherd, of the fattest of his sheep. God respected Abel and his offering; therefore Cain slew him.—*Chap. x.*

<sup>s</sup> Abel, the protomartyr of the world. The word denotes vanity.

mitted<sup>t</sup> upon his brother Abel, (who were the two sons of Adam); for which murder he was condemned for a vagabond. Abel, in the Teutonic tongue, signifieth *sufficient*, or *abled* in the service of God.

Cain, after he had slain his brother<sup>u</sup>, went into the land of Nod, a land of fear and disquiet; about the same place, as is conceived by some historiographers, where Babylon, after Noah's flood, was built: he went from the presence of the Lord, he was left of God, bereaved of his protection.

Thus sin increasing<sup>x</sup>, the Lord was provoked to send the deluge; yet first God threatened before he struck, and seeing wickedness to increase he poured forth the waters: yet therein had he a care of his church, in causing Noah and his to make an ark<sup>y</sup>, and to preserve themselves therein, together with two of all sorts of creatures that God had made.

At God's threatening, and Noah's<sup>z</sup> preparation of the ark, the people laughed as though they were secure; but the deluge came upon them.

So that none were spared but Noah and his family<sup>a</sup>, and such others as went into the ark for the preservation of their kinds. After this deliverance, Noah built an altar to the Lord<sup>b</sup>, and offered burnt-offerings.—*Gen. viii.*

Noah was a figure of the church, being preserved in the ark. Noah signified quiet and rest: he dwelt in Armenia (chap. viii.) hard by Mount Ararat; upon which mount the ark rested after the flood.

The Lord assureth us by the example of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the rest of the prophets, that his mercy never faileth them whom he doth choose to be his church; but in all distresses and afflictions he assisteth and delivereth them.

In this book also may be seen that God's church dependeth not on the estimation and nobility of the world, by the example of Cain, Ishmael, Esau, and others, who were noble in man's judgment: as also it is apparent, by the fewness which have at all times worshipped him according to his word, that it standeth not in the multitude, but in the small flock and little number in the poor and despised; intimating thus much unto us, that man in his wisdom might be confounded, and the name of the Lord evermore magnified and extolled.

After the flood had ceased, God made a covenant with man<sup>c</sup>, signified by the rainbow<sup>d</sup>, never to destroy the earth in like manner any more.

<sup>t</sup> Here is the first apostacy after the first evangelical promise.

<sup>u</sup> The Lord set a mark on Cain to terrify others from such bloody cruelty. God before cursed the earth for Adam's sin, he now cursed Cain from the earth to be a runagate.—*Gen. iii. 17; iv. 11.*

<sup>x</sup> A deluge of sin first; the people growing worse and worse, a deluge of God's judgment succeeded.

<sup>y</sup> Chap. vi. and vii.

<sup>z</sup> Noah, according to Philo, signifieth quietness; and by others, cessation.

<sup>a</sup> The circumstances of the flood Moses hath, in Genesis, plainly expressed.

<sup>b</sup> His care was of religion.

<sup>c</sup> Chap. ix. 11, 19, &c.

<sup>d</sup> The rainbow is a seal of God's merciful covenant, not to destroy the same any more.

Now the issues of Noah came to be distributed, and regions planted, at first supposed in Mesopotamia, Babylonia, and Chaldea, and thence propagated.

For all this wonderful deliverance of the Lord's, (chap. ix. 21,) manifested unto Noah and his family, he soon fell into the sin of drunkenness.

In these days increased mankind wonderfully<sup>e</sup>, and pride also: for the people were so ambitious, that they would prefer, or at least equal, their glory with the Lord's, saying, Let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto the heavens<sup>f</sup>, that we may get us a name<sup>g</sup>; but God punished them for their pride and vain glory, and brought a confusion of language among them, that one understood not another's meaning.

This was in the days of Nimrod<sup>h</sup>, who was the first prince and regent upon earth, who undertook the building of Babylon: Babel, or Babylon, signifieth a confusion; because in this place the Lord<sup>k</sup> confounded the workmen's tongues<sup>l</sup> at their building.

This city was a metropolitan, built by this Nimrod about thirty years after the flood: he was, by historians, accounted the son of Jupiter Belus.

This city, at first, was the fairest of all others<sup>m</sup>; situate in a spacious plain, compassed about with walls of an incredible strength and greatness, fifty cubits thick<sup>n</sup> and two hundred high, beautified with goodly buildings and stately temples.

It was in compass three hundred and eighty furlongs, which maketh forty-eight English miles.

Through it ran the River Euphrates, and in the wall there stood one hundred gates, as Strabo doth relate unto us.

Nimrod is taken by many to be the son of Cham, the son of Noah<sup>o</sup>; whose name doth signify a cruel governor, or an unmerciful tyrant<sup>p</sup>, and his actions proved according to the signification of his name.

The famous city of Babylon was after taken by Cyrus, the first emperor of the Persians; and a while after it was utterly destroyed by Xerxes<sup>q</sup>, who was accounted the fourth emperor of the Persians. Where then, O world! is thy prosperity? or riches,

<sup>e</sup> Out of the race of Cain issued Nimrod, who was ambitious and proud.

<sup>f</sup> To the end to perpetuate their names amongst men, as they thought.

<sup>g</sup> Instead of thankfulness to God and honouring his name, they would win themselves a name; instead of preventing punishment by repentance, they would in this giant-like manner prevent future judgment.—*Gen. xii. 9, 11.*

<sup>h</sup> Or Nimroth, the son of Cush, nephew of Cham.

<sup>i</sup> A city in Chaldea.

<sup>k</sup> From thence did the Lord scatter them upon all the earth.

<sup>l</sup> Confusion caused division of nations, regions, and religions.

<sup>m</sup> The region of Babylonia took name of the tower of Babel, the tower of confusion of the tongues.

<sup>n</sup> The people were addicted to idolatry, worshipping planets, and so the Creator began to be slighted and contemned.

<sup>o</sup> Nimrod, the son of Chus, and the fame of Babel, consumed the memory of Chusea.

<sup>p</sup> He, by will and strength, usurped dominion over others.

<sup>q</sup> Xerxes was a king of Persia, the grandchild of Cyrus, son of Darius.



thy glory? Since in the one thou art consumed, in the other left desolate.

There is nothing left of it now but a heap of stones. Out of the ruins there is built a small town close by, called Feluga.

(To be continued.)

### THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

A HYMN.

(From the *Brownie of Bodsbeck*.)

Dweller in heaven, and ruler below!  
Fain would I know thee, yet tremble to know!  
How can a mortal deem how it may be,  
That being can not be, but present with thee?  
Is it true that thou saw'st me ere I saw the morn?  
Is it true that thou knew'st me before I was born?  
That nature must live in the light of thine eye?  
This knowledge for me is too great and too high!

That fly I to noon-day, or fly I to night,  
To shroud me in darkness, or bathe me in light,  
The light and the darkness to thee are the same,  
And still in thy presence of wonder I am!  
Should I with the dove to the desert repair,  
Or dwell with the eagle in clough of the air;  
In the desert afar, on the mountain's wild brink,  
From the eye of Omnipotence still must I shrink.

Or mount I on wings of the morning away,  
To caves of the ocean unseen by the day,  
And hide in these uttermost parts of the sea,  
Even there to be living and moving in thee?  
Nay, scale I the cloud in the heavens to dwell;  
Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell;  
Can science expound, or humanity frame,  
That still thou art present, and all are the same?

Yes, present for ever! Almighty—alone,  
Great spirit of nature, unbounded, unknown!  
What mind can embody thy presence divine?  
I know not my own being! how can I thine?  
Then humbly and low in the dust let me bend,  
And adore what on earth I can ne'er comprehend;  
The mountains may melt, and the elements flee,  
Yet an universe still be rejoicing in thee!

### A FASHIONABLE GLOSSARY.

The meaning of many words in common use having undergone a material change within the last thirty years, the following fashionable glossary (says a satirical correspondent) will or may be found useful:—

- Age*—An infirmity nobody knows.  
*Buying*—Retaining goods without purpose of paying.  
*Bore*—Any thing one does not like, or any person who talks of religion.  
*Conscience*—Something to swear by.  
*Common Sense*—A vulgar quality.  
*Charity*—A golden ticket to Catalani's, or any other fashionable performance.  
*Courage*—No fear of God or man.  
*Debt*—A necessary evil.  
*Decency*—Keeping up appearances.  
*Dress*—Half naked.  
*Duty*—Doing like other people.  
*Day*—Night, or, strictly speaking, from ten p. m. to six a. m.  
*At Home*—The domestic amusement of three hundred visitors, called a rout.  
*Not at Home*—Sitting in one's own parlour.  
*Fortune*—The summum bonum.  
*Friend*—The meaning not known.  
*Fashion*—The *Je ne sais quoi* of excellence.  
*Vice*—Only applied to horses and men-servants.  
*Husband*—A person employed to pay one's debts.

*Home*—Any one's house but one's own.

*Hospitality*—Obsolete.

*Couchman*—A gentleman, or accomplished nobleman.

*Chariot*—A vehicle for one's servants, the dickey appropriated to the ladies, the coach-box for the gentleman.

*Drunk*—Happy.

*Love*—The meaning not known, since the ossification of the heart has become a fashionable disease; and would be obsolete but for novels and romances.

*Modest*—Sheepish.

*Music*—Execution.

*Matrimony*—A bargain.

*Morality*—A troublesome interrupter to pleasure.

*Nonsense*—Polite conversation.

*New*—Delightful.

*Economy*—Obsolete.

*Old*—Insufferable.

*Prudence*—Parsimony.

*Prodigality*—Generosity.

*Pay*—Only applicable to visits.

*Poetry*—Hypocrisy.

*Enthusiasm*—Religion in earnest.

*Quiz*—Any inoffensive person, not in one's own circle.

*Spirit*—Contempt of decorum and morality.

*Style*—Splendid extravagance.

*Religion*—Occupying a seat at some genteel chapel.

*Time*—Only regarded in music.

*Truth*—Memory uncertain.

*Wicked*—Irresistibly agreeable.

*Highly Accomplished*—Reading music at sight, painting a border of flowers, or having a talent to guess charades.

### ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA

ATTRIBUTED TO LORD BYRON.

(See *Literary Journal*, No. 7.)

I'm the very odd thing, which is found in the rhyme

Of the whimsical bard, through its changeable chime;

Without me his rhodomontades would not flow,  
And they gather much strength from my *ah*; and my *oh*!

I assist with my whimper, and aid with my whine,  
No trophies without me, nor metaphors shine.

I am harsh, hot, and heavy, rhapsodical, rough,  
But I happily end, if you stop at enough.

In his childhood he found me, he kept me at school,  
Through thick and through thin he has followed my rule.

With heresy opening, I end at the church,  
And leading gay Hymen, I put out his torch.

In courtship I'm seen, and so great is my power,  
That I end in a month what began in an hour.

In hymns from the Hebrew my melodies sound,  
And in Nathan the Jew I am certainly found.

I swim in the Hellespont, and I have store  
For poetical craniums of strong hellebore;

The houri I lead, and the sylph I attend,  
In hypocrisy start, and in balderdash end.

In Chaos I'm wrapt, and the charnel house holds me,

The shade of misanthropy closely enfolds me;  
I wander with ghosts, and with hermits I dwell,

In sulphur I stew, and I riot in hell.  
Yet always in fashion, I curiously teach

The learned physician to turn to a leech;  
While in hieroglyphics I doubly am seen,

And the rays of the sun I display in a sheen.  
The sailor still follows my course in a ship,

And with bachelors always I die of the hyp.  
With qualifications, good people, like these,  
No wonder my presence his Lordship should please.

I'm the famed Letter *H*, and, egad, if you doubt me,  
Pray try how *Childe Harold* would manage without me!

### ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

*Watered, Clouded, or Chrystallised Tin*, (*Moire Métallique*.)—A new process, for ornamenting the surface of tin ware, has lately made its appearance in this country. It was discovered in France; and, like so many other arts, it owes its origin to accident. The first, or one of the first accounts, of the process, was given by M. Baget, in the *Journal de Pharmacie* for January last. The whole is exceedingly simple and expeditious. It is entirely dependent on the property of acids to chrystallise metals. Tin-plate, being heated, and placed on stoneware, is washed with a weak solution of muriate of soda, (spirit of sea-salt,) or other acid solution, upon which a chrystallisation, more or less complete, immediately ensues. If a stronger heat is applied at different parts of the plate, the chrystallisation is made irregular, and a pleasing variety in the patterns is accordingly introduced. The plate is afterward coloured at pleasure, by the use of a thin, transparent, coloured varnish. M. Baget tells us, that he has produced the appearances of stars, and of fern-leaves. To us, in the specimens that have fallen under our view, the resemblance to the Derbyshire spars has struck us more than any other; especially when a light brown colour is laid over the varnish. Where the chrystallisation appears to be deepest, there the plate has been made hottest. Our readers may see examples at the Bazar, in Soho-square, in the form of bread-baskets, cases for caleidoscopes, &c. To this manufacture, its French inventors have given, (not, perhaps, very happily,) the name of "*Moire Métallique*," or\*, "*Metallic Mohair*;" the appellation being borrowed from a sister manufacture, namely, that of *waved* or *watered mohair*. This appellation we heard Mr. Brande, the excellent chemical lecturer at the Royal Institution, pronounce, the other day, *Moiré Métallique*; and the words are so printed in the *Annals of Philosophy* for April last, and there translated, "*Metallic Watering*;" all which is wrong, as will be better understood from the succeeding article†.

*Mohair* (*moire*, Fr.).—The French pronunciation of the word "*moire*," (*moaire*), has led to a remarkable mistake, as to its acceptation in the English language. "*Mohair*," says Johnson, ("*mohere*, *moire*, Fr.) thread or stuff, made of camel's or other hair."—"Moire," says the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, "*a stuff, usually entirely of silk; étoffe ordinairement toute de soie*;" so that *hair* has nothing whatever to do with *mohair*, except from the English pronunciation of the French, *moire* (*moaire*). "*Moire*," says the authority just mentioned, "*étoffe ordinairement toute de soie, et qui a le grain fort serré*." Thus, the essential character of

\* Since this paragraph was written, we find that some of our own manufacturers have adopted the name of "*metallic spar*," which, from what we have just before remarked, will be supposed to meet our entire approbation.

† While we are writing, the mistake has been further copied into the *Monthly Magazine*.



mohair stuffs (moires, moâres), is the closeness of their webs. After this came the practice of "waving," or "watering" (ondant) mohairs. Then, mohairs (moires) being usually watered or waved, (ondé,) the process of waving or watering came, by a figure of speech, to be called *mohairing*, ("moirage," moâraje); and next, as a matter of course, all stuffs that were waved or watered (properly, *ondé*) were called, by the French manufacturers, "moiré," (moâré,) *mohaired*.—"Moiré," says the Dictionnaire de l'Académie, "qui a l'œil (lustre) de la moire; qui est ondé comme la moire." So that the art of waving or watering (ondant) stuffs is, by the French, called "moirage," moâraje, *mohairing*; and stuffs waved or watered, ("ondé,") are said to be "moiré," (moâré,) *mohaired*; both expressions being derived, by figure, from the word "moire," (moâre,) *mohair*, properly a stuff (commonly of silk) of a peculiarly close grain or web. With these explanations before us, we see distinctly the pronunciation and meaning of the French words "moire" (not "moiré") "métallique,"—metallic *mohair*. So, also, "metal moiré" (moâré), will be "waved," or "watered metal;" while the process (metallic watering, waving, or *mohairing*) can be expressed in French only by the words "moirage, (moâraje, ondage,) métallique." This process (moirage, moâraje, *mohairing*), as it respects tin plates, was that which (as above described) Mr. Brande lately exhibited in the course of a lecture at the Royal Institution. Of the origin of the French word *moire* we have no account. Probably it came to the French from the Levant. According to some, "*mohair*" is the hair of a species of goat which is bred in the neighbourhood of the town of Angria, in Turkey, where it is wrought into *camblets*, or other stuffs. Possibly the texture of the Turkish *mohairs* may have been imitated in the French silks; for the closeness of the threads, and not the waved or watered pattern, (produced by *calendering*), is the real distinguishing character of *mohairs*. It is thus, in conchology, with the *mohair shell*, which is so called from the wave and thread-like marks on its surface. If the English word *hair* has properly any part in the composition of the word *mohair*, (as above,) *mo* must be taken for the name of a goat, and the French "moire" (moâre) must be derived from the English "*mohair*," and not the latter from the former!

**Copper in Soda Water.**—Mr. Brande, in a late lecture at the Royal Institution, took occasion to state, that in consequence of the employment of copper in the structure of the usual apparatuses for the manufacture of soda-water, all the sorts commonly met with, are more or less impregnated with that metal. The poisonous quality of copper is sufficiently known. Mr. Brande added, that the apparatus invented by Mr. Pepys, of the Poultry, is free from this great defect.

**Gas-Light from Oil, and for the Use of Private Houses.**—It has been objected to the use of the admirable invention of gas-lights,—that, by reducing the consumption of Oil, it would hurt the Greenland Fishery, and hence produce that political evil, of destroying that nursery of seamen. Several satisfactory answers might be given to this complaint, even upon the presumption that

the Oil market must really suffer; but the most satisfactory of all arises out of the fact, that there is a fair prospect of a large consumption of Oil itself in the manufacture of Gas for lights, as applicable to various occasions. Gas, for lights, produced from the combustion of Oil, has been long since spoken of; and Mr. Taylor, of Stratford, has perfected an apparatus, by means of which an ornamental stone, placed in a hall, or other part of a house, may be made to prepare a Gas from coal, for the illumination of all the apartments. Desirable as this discovery is, there are reasons, it seems, why Coal is still to be preferred to Oil for the production of large quantities of Gas; but, in the meantime, where the product is wanted upon a small scale only, the Gas from Oil has many recommendations over that from Coal. It may be sufficient to mention here, that the former is free from the foetid smell which constitutes one of the objections to the use of the latter, or which at least enforces the necessity of adopting an expensive and troublesome process for its remedy.

**Economy of Gas-Lights.**—Mr. Brande stated, as one, and not the most extreme, example of the great saving of expense obtained by the use of Gas-lights, that, in an early stage of their introduction, a manufactory, the annual expense of illuminating which, with candles, had been two thousand pounds, was illuminated with Gas, for the same period, for six hundred; the greater part of the latter amount being the interest of the money expended in constructing the apparatus.

**Improvements in Modern Houses.**—Among the many modern improvements for the comfort of our dwellings, either in actual use, or to be confidently anticipated, are the warming them by Steam, and the lighting them by Gas.

## KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

**Chemical Society.**—Proposals are circulating for establishing a new scientific society, to be called the "CHEMICAL SOCIETY for MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT." The views of the society, as detailed in a short pamphlet, are at present confined to four objects:—

1. To institute scientific meetings for conversations, and philosophical inquiries, or experiments, relating to such subjects as belong to the various departments of chemical and mechanical philosophy, to natural history, and the useful arts and manufactures.

2. To form a register, exhibiting the progress of experimental science, and the advancement of the useful arts, by collecting, in the form of short notices and minutes, all those chemical and mechanical discoveries, inventions, and improvements, which the activity and industry of men of science and of art may bring forward in any country or nation.

3. To cause philosophical lectures, and experimental demonstrations, to be delivered by men of eminence in science.

4. To establish (as soon as the funds of the society will admit) a circulating library, composed of the best and most useful works appertaining to chemical and mechanical

philosophy, and the useful arts and manufactures.

5. The admission fee is proposed to be two guineas, with an annual subscription of the like sum. The election of members and officers to be by ballot.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- May 15 to 21.
- Civilization: or, The Indian Chief. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.
- The Northern Courts; containing Original Memoirs of the Sovereigns of Sweden and Denmark, since 1766; including the extraordinary Vicissitudes in the Lives of the Grandchildren of George the Second. By John Brown. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.
- Sermons: by James Bryce. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Musculogia Britannica: containing the Mosses of Great Britain and Ireland. With Plates, &c. By W. J. Hooker, and T. Taylor. 8vo. Coloured, 2l. 12s. 6d.
- Views of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. By Henry Hallam, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. 5l. 3s.
- The Hundred Wonders of the World, and of the Three Kingdoms of Nature: illustrated by Engravings. By the Rev. C. C. Clarke. 12mo. 9s. bound.
- A Dissertation on the Prophecies. By G. S. Faber, B.D. Vol. III. 8vo. 12s.
- The Great Exemplar of Sanctity, described in the Life and Death of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the World; with Considerations on the several Parts of the History, and appropriate Prayers. By Jeremy Taylor, D.D. Abridged by W. N. Darnell. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Discours sur les Langues Vivantes: a Treatise on the Living Languages; containing, in a small compass, the necessary Rules for acquiring a Knowledge of them, particularly of the Italian and Spanish; with a Treatise on the Difficulties of the Italian and Spanish Poetry. By Angel Anaya. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
- An Essay on Spanish Literature; followed by a History of the Spanish Drama, and Specimens of the Writers of the different Ages. By Angel Anaya. 12mo. 5s.
- Prodigious!!! or Child Paddie in London. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s.
- An Universal History: in Twenty-four Books. Translated from the German of John Von Müller. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s.
- Sermons on the Nature, Offices, and Character of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. T. Bowdler, A.M. Vol. I. 8vo. 14s.
- A Picturesque Tour of Italy: in Illustration of, and with Reference to the Text of Addison, Eustace, and Forsyth. From Drawings on the Spot, during the Years 1816 and 1817. By James Hakewill, Architect. Engraved by G. Cooke, J. Pye, Landseer, &c. 4to. 12s. 6d. Large Paper, 18s. Proofs on India Paper, 1l. 10s.
- Horæ Britannicæ; or Studies in Ancient British History; containing various Disquisitions on the National and Religious Antiquities of Great Britain. By John Hughes. Vol. I. 8vo. 8s.
- The Complete English Lawyer; containing a Summary of the Constitution of England, its Laws and Statutes. With an Appendix, &c. By John Gifford, Esq. 8vo. Part I. 2s. 6d. Monthly.
- Choix de Lecture pour les Jeunes Gens; ou Morceaux Choisis des meilleurs Ecrivains des deux derniers Siècles. Par S. B. Moeus. 12mo. 5s. 6d.
- The Validity of English Ordination established, in Answer to the Rev. P. Gandolphy's Sermon. By the Rev. Thomas Ebrington, D.D. 8vo. 7s.
- Eudoxia, Daughter of Belisarius; a Novel. Translated from the Spanish of Don Pedro Montengou, by Charles Hervey Smith. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
- Double Entry by Single; a new Method of Book-keeping, applicable to all Kinds of Business, and exemplified in Five Sets of Books. By F. W. Crockheim. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- A Treatise on Rivers and Torrents; with the Method of regulating their Course and Channels. By Paul Frisé. To which is added, an Essay on Navigable Canals. By the same Author. Translated by Major-General John Goustin. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- The Brownie of Bodsbeck, and other Tales. By James Hogg. 2 vols. 12mo. 14s.
- Familiar Lectures on Moral Philosophy. By John Prior Estlin, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.
- Tables of Discount and Profit, on a new and comprehensive Plan. By John Evans. Royal 4to. 1l. 1s. half bound.
- NEW EDITIONS.
- Homeri Ilias, cum brevi Annotatione. C. G. Heyne. New Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.
- A Compendium of Zoology: being a Description of more than Three Hundred Animals, confirmed by actual and personal Observations, with Original Remarks. The whole illustrated by accurate Figures engraved on Wood. New Edition, corrected. 12mo. 5s. 6d.
- The Elements of Civil Architecture, according to Vitruvius and other Ancients, and the most approved Practice of Modern Authors; especially Palladio. By Henry Aldrich, D.D. Translated by the Rev. Philip Smyth, LL.B. Second Edition. 8vo. 18s.



An Essay on the Proper Lessons appointed by the Liturgy of the Church of England to be read on Sundays and Chief Festivals throughout the Year. By William Wogan, Esq. Third Edition, with a Life of the Author, by the Rev. James Gatliff. 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 8s.

Practical Illustrations of Typhus Fever, and other Febrile and Inflammatory Diseases. By John Armstrong, M.D. Second Edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy. By W. Paley, D.D. Twenty-first Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.

The Testimony of Natural Theology to Christianity. By Thomas Gisborne, M.A. New Edition. 12mo. 5s.

An Essay on Hunting. By a Country Squire, 1733. Reprinted in 1818. 8vo. 6s.

The Edinburgh Review, for the Year 1755. Second Edition, with a Preface and Explanatory Notes. 8vo. 5s.

A New Descriptive Catalogue of Minerals; following in general the System of Werner; with Plate, and Explanation of Hydraulic Blow-pipe and Lapidaries' Apparatus. By J. Mawe. New Edition. 12mo. 3s.

An Elementary Treatise of Algebra. By the Rev. B. Bridge, B.D. F.R.S. Fourth Edition. 8vo. 7s.

A Short View of the whole Scripture History; with a Continuation of the Jewish Affairs; by way of Question and Answer. By I. Watts, D.D. Twenty-fifth Edition. 12mo. 4s. bound.

### FASHION.

The entertainment given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House, on occasion of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, was one of the most sumptuous and magnificent ever witnessed. Nothing that luxury could suggest was wanted. The profusion of plate was immense. Arbours of rare shrubs and fragrant flowers were displayed with varied taste in several of the apartments, and the most costly wines cheered and exhilarated the spirits of the company. The ear was gratified with martial airs, by military bands of music, and the ladies vied with each other in the richness of their dress and the brilliancy of their jewels. There were eight hundred personages present, including the several branches of the royal family, the principal nobility and gentry, foreign ambassadors, &c. &c.

The complexion of the Duchess of Cambridge is rather sallow, but her eyes are dark; and her countenance is not only interesting and pleasing, but strongly marked with benevolence and intelligence. She is rather tall, and youthful: her figure is exquisitely formed, and the smallness of her waist is remarkable.

### Fine Arts.

#### PAINTING.

##### EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

The three principal pictures in this exhibition, which assume an historic or poetic character, and affect to address themselves to the imagination, are the *Fairies on the Sea Shore*, by Howard, the *Fête Champêtre*, by Stothard; and *Una with the Satyrs*, by Hilton. Of Howard, we can never speak but in terms of praise. We are old enough to recollect the beautiful series of pictures which he painted on his first return from Italy, in which he had contrived to blend the principles imbibed from the study of the antique, with a poetic feeling peculiarly his own. The impression which this artist's works made on our minds, at that time, will never be effaced; and we have not seen, without many heart-rending pangs, that he has been since obliged almost entirely to abandon that walk, for which his education

and taste had so eminently qualified him, to devote himself, like the rest of his brethren, to the drudgery of portrait painting. The picture now under consideration is a very delightful specimen of Mr. Howard's talent. The undulating motion of the playful groupe of fays and fairies, who are alternately chasing and receding from the wave, is expressed with a happiness evidently the result of true poetic feeling: it is one of those efforts in which the painter has "caught a grace beyond the reach of art." We know not whether Mr. Howard has disposed of this picture, but we are quite sure it would add value to any collection; and we cannot help hoping that it may appear next season at Sir John Leicester's, as a pendant to the beautiful picture, by the same artist, which forms one of the principal ornaments of the Baronet's gallery.

Mr. Stothard's *Fête Champêtre* next claims our attention and our praise. Mr. Stothard paints these subjects with a playfulness and grace, a sparkling energy and richness of colour, that reminds us forcibly of Watteau. Watteau had more neatness of execution; and he did, what we are fearful Mr. Stothard does not do,—he finished the different parts carefully from individual models, a practice which adds greatly to the perfection of this class of subjects. Stothard has more grace, and a better style of drawing, but his pictures are in some measure disfigured by *manner*,—that vice in art which injures a painter's works in all eyes but his own, and which can only be avoided by a perpetual reference to nature. In this observation, which has escaped us unwittingly, we are aware there is some cruelty, knowing, as we do, how impossible it is for an artist in this country, who paints without commissions, and with very little hope of selling his work, when it is done, to devote to it that time, labour, and attention, necessary to the perfection of any thing really excellent. We have already said, (see No. 7 of this Journal,) that historic painting does not exist in this country; and we would not wish for a better exemplification of this assertion than is furnished by the artists now under consideration. Of Mr. Howard and Mr. Stothard, both capable, had they lived in better times, of carrying the art to the highest pitch of attainable perfection, one is compelled to abandon that in which his soul delights, and to pass his hours, which should be devoted to higher purposes, in painting "Christian fools, with varnished faces;" while the other—"Oh, tell it not in Gath! publish it not in the streets of Ascalon!"—has been forced to fritter away his valuable life in designing frontispieces for ladies' pocket-books, and vignettes for almanacks and diaries. Neither the one nor the other has ever been employed in any public work; nor ever, we believe, had a single commission to paint a picture. With such facts staring us in the face, who will dare to talk about the encouragement of British art?

In Mr. Hilton's picture of *Una* there is much to admire. We will not venture to say, that it comes up to our preconceived idea of the subject, or that it is eminently worthy of the most exquisite passage in the most exquisite of poets; but we will not weaken its effect by telling out our notions and prejudices: there is enough in it, as

a picture, for all to admire: it is elegantly drawn, prettily composed, and painted with a richness and vigour, of which a veteran in art might be proud. Mr. Hilton is a young man, and we cannot but admire the spirit and perseverance with which he pursues his object, in spite of difficulties which would appal most men. He is one of the only two students of the day, who have dared to devote themselves to historic painting. Mr. Haydon is the other. They pursue different courses. Hilton goes on modestly and quietly. Haydon seems to depend on bustle and noise. Hilton paints a good picture, and leaves it to its fate. Haydon gets a picture talked about for two or three years before it is seen, in letters and pamphlets, in weekly newspapers and quarterly annals, till it becomes surrounded by so thick a mist of puffing and quackery, that it cannot fail to be greatly magnified in the eyes of the already purblind multitude. Which system will succeed best, or whether these young men will not both, in the end, be forced, in very despair of success, to "put their houses in order, and go and hang themselves," time only will show: we have no wish that our fears should be prophetic.

### Theatrical Recorder.

#### KING'S THEATRE.

- May 23. *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, and *Tamerlane et Bajazet*.  
26. *Il Don Giovanni*, with *Tamerlane et Bajazet*.  
30, and June 2. *Il Matrimonio Secreto*, with *Tamerlane et Bajazet*.

#### DRURY LANE.

- May 21. *The Jew of Malta*, *Amoroso*, and *The Weathercock*.  
22. *The Suspicious Husband*, and *The Magpie*.  
23. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, and *Of Age To-morrow*.  
25. *Richard the Third*, and *The Review*.  
26. *A Cure for the Heart-Ache*, and *The Magpie*.  
27. *The Iron Chest*, *Amoroso*, and *The Sleeping Draught*.  
28. *Othello*, and *The Innkeeper's Daughter*.  
29. *The Way to get Married*, and *Of Age To-morrow*.  
30. *The Jew of Malta*, *Amoroso*, and *The Sleeping Draught*.  
June 1. *King John*, and *The Sleeping Draught*.  
2. *The Honey Moon*, and *The Midnight Hour*.  
3. *Inkle and Yarico*, *The Three and the Deuce*, with *Wanted a Governess*; for the Benefit of Miss Kelly.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

- May 21. *Guy Mannering*, with *The Miller and his Men*.  
22. *Rob Roy Macgregor*, with *Husbands and Wives*.  
23. *Fazio*, and *The Libertine*.  
25. *Isabella*, *Bombastes Furioso*, and *Harlequin Gulliver*.  
26. *The Beggars' Opera*, *Apollo's Festival*, and *The Portrait of Cervantes*; for the Benefit of Mr. Braham.  
27. *The Jealous Wife*, and a new Serious Drama, called *The Castle of Paluzzi*, or the Extorted Oath.  
28. *Rob Roy Macgregor*, and *The Castle of Paluzzi*.  
29. *Bellamira*, and *The Castle of Paluzzi*.



30. Rob Roy Macgregor, and The Castle of Paluzzi.

June 1. Romeo and Juliet, and The Castle of Paluzzi.

2. Douglas, La Chasse, and The Citizen; for the Benefit of Miss O'Neill.

3. Much Ado about Nothing, Personation, and The Forest of Bondy; for the Benefit of Mr. C. Kemble.

#### ENGLISH OPERA.

May 21, 23, 25, 26, 28, 30, June 1 and 2. Mr. Mathews at Home.

#### SURREY THEATRE.

May 21, 22, and 23. Rather too Bad, Kouli Khan, and Don Giovanni.

25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30. Love and the Lancet, Rather too Bad, Don Giovanni, and Kouli Khan.

June 1, 2, and 3. The Italian Wife, a new Extravaganza, called How to Write an Opera, or the Delights of Dramatic Authorship, and Kouli Khan.

#### ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

May 21, 22, and 23. Cupid Wanderer, Peregrine Pickle, and The Enchanted Horse.

25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30. Cupid Wanderer, Peregrine Pickle, and The Blood-Red Knight.

June 1, 2, and 3. Jamie of Aberdeen, Peregrine Pickle, and The Blood Red Knight.

#### COBURG THEATRE.

May 21, 22, and 23. Trial by Battle, Alzora and Nerine, and Manfredi, or The Mysterious Hermit.

25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30. A new melodramatic Spectacle, called The Banished Brother, or The Secret Enemy, Alzora and Nerine, and Trial by Battle.

June 1, 2, and 3. Trial by Battle, Epsom Downs, Alzora and Nerine, and The Banished Brother.

#### SADLER'S WELLS.

May 21, 22, and 23. Salmagundi, Plants and Planets, with The Gathering of the Clans.

25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30. Salmagundi, and a new Aqua-drama, called O'Donoghue and his White Horse.

June 1, 2, and 3. Salmagundi, and The Gathering of the Clans.

#### THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN. — MISS O'NEILL never acted the character of Bianca better than she did on occasion of the last performance of *Fazio*; although the applause she received was less fervent than we have sometimes heard it. The distresses of this domestic heroine are most admirably portrayed by the lady in question; and her acting, at the commencement of the third act, is fully equal to the conception of the poet: we do not know how to convey stronger praise. Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE displays some talent in the unfortunate *Fazio*, but, on the whole, falls short of what he ought to be. We should have been much better pleased if Mr. YOUNG had been appointed to the character. It is one which would precisely fit the talents of this latter performer, who, though he might not look so handsome, would play it infinitely better than the former. Mr. C. KEMBLE is extremely faulty in laying the emphasis; and his elocution is

far from being good: he pauses before he arrives at the end of a sentence, as though it were concluded, and presently bounces out with some insignificant word which was wanting to complete its sense. This is a very serious defect, and one which we recommend Mr. KEMBLE to remedy as speedily as possible. However, he so frequently indulges in it that we fear it is inherent. — To the play succeeded the dramatic romance of *The Libertine*, in which the greater part of the exquisite music of MOZART is retained. Mr. BISHOP, as an original composer, does not often surprise or please us, but we are willing to allow him considerable praise for several of his musical adaptations, and especially for the one under consideration. We also give him credit for his forbearance in the present instance, in omitting to intrude any of his own music in company of that with the divine MOZART. Mr. BISHOP has displayed very considerable ingenuity in assorting the music of several of the airs in the original opera, which, from their length, would not admit of a place in the English translation, to the incidents and situations of the latter. The introduction to the Italian piece, *Notti e Giornofattica*, is thus skilfully made, at Covent Garden, the accompaniment to the action of *Don Juan's* scaling the walls of *Don Pedro*; and in other parts, specimens of equal ability might be adduced. MOZART's overture to *Don Giovanni*, is a master-piece: the leading parts of the story are faithfully detailed in its progress; and we will venture to assert, that any one very fond of, and attentive to music, without being acquainted with the exact events of the romance, might be enabled to predict something, with respect to their nature, from the tenor of the overture — of that part of it particularly which so evidently announces the appearance of the spectre; and which, in recurring again to Mr. BISHOP, we must say he has very cleverly contrived to incorporate in the concluding scene. Were we to proceed thus, we might mention every individual piece in this celebrated opera with the same minuteness, for there is not one which will not bear the strictest investigation; but we should run into lengths for which the readers of the Literary Journal would hardly thank us: we therefore proceed to the singers, and of course must mention Miss STEPHENS the first: — her *Zerlina* is truly delightful; and if it do not boast the excessive liveliness of Madame FODOR, it is at least deficient in no other respect. We are unfashionable enough to think Miss STEPHENS's execution of "List and I'll find love," (the English of "Vedrai Carino,") superior to that of her Italian rival: the movement which she gives it is slower, and we think improves its effect. The air is one of the sweetest and most delicious we have ever listened to; and, aided by the silver tones of Miss STEPHENS,

"Thrilling and healing,  
Over us stealing  
With exquisite feeling,"

it ravishes the senses, and lays them in a momentary Elysium. SINCLAIR sings "Come shining forth my dearest," very prettily,

and takes his share in a duet (introduced from the opera of *Die Zauberflotte*) with some talent. Those who would wish to speak of this gentleman's histrionic powers leniently might call them *indifferent*, but those who desired truly to characterize them, would pronounce them *execrable*. This gentleman seldom opens his mouth without creating a smile; and when it falls to his share to denounce revenge, or to offer defiance, the effect is incomparably ridiculous.

#### Original Poetry.

##### INSCRIPTION

FOR A SEAT IN A WOOD.

[By the late Rev. John Clarke Hubbard.]

Secure, beneath this friendly shade,  
Ye linnets, wake your earliest lay;  
Along yon wild sequester'd glade,  
Ye leverets, freely range and play:  
And when the horizontal moon  
First peers among the waving sprays;  
Or, climbing to her highest noon,  
Flings o'er the wood her silver blaze;  
Within yon old elm's shade profound,  
Incumbent o'er the creeping rill,  
Thou, love-lorn nightingale, around  
Pour, in soft swells, thy plaintive trill!  
Oh wake once more! oh once again,  
Then, feather'd syren of the grove,  
Take up that sweet, that dying strain,  
Dear to the muses and to love!

##### MOON-LIGHT.

When toil and care with day is ended,  
When by the silent night befriended,  
When stillness reigns, and Sleep has prest  
His signet on all eyes at rest;  
When Cynthia's pale and silvery light  
Glides softly o'er the path of night;  
When high the stars are seen to play,  
Glittering o'er the ethereal way;  
When Zephyr, with expanded wings,  
Floats lightly on the calmed air;  
And Philomela lonely sings  
Time-soften'd notes of sad despair:  
How sweet to wander, by the light  
Of the pale moon, on such a night;  
To give the mind to Fancy's sway,  
To take a glancing broad survey  
Of every scene, in every age,  
That stands enroll'd on Memory's page:  
Now fill'd with joy,—now sunk with woe,  
As calm reflection gives to view  
The deeds of good, or ill, again—  
The scenes of pleasure, or of pain.

Now soaring Fancy's quicken'd sight  
Pierces through the gloom of night;  
The future touches with her wand,  
And fairy scenes, at her command,  
Mysterious dance before the brain  
So pleasing, yet so idly vain;  
Then Hope, with bright and sparkling eye,  
On lightsome wing, comes hovering by;  
A glory plays around her brow,  
That gilds and brightens all below;  
She wraps the soul in visions fair;  
Bright with pleasure, free from care,  
Bids the future days appear!  
Then gives the eye to pierce the gloom  
That sullen frowns upon the tomb;  
And guides it upward to the skies,  
And tells the soul that it shall rise  
Above that bright and starry sphere,  
To live in bliss angelic there!--



When Zephyr, with expanded wings,  
Floats lightly on the calmed air;  
When Philomela lonely sings  
Time-soften'd notes of sad despair;  
When stillness reigns, and Sleep has prest  
His signet on all eyes at rest;  
How sweet to wander by the light  
Of Cynthia's beams on such a night;  
To yield the soul to Fancy's power,  
And cherish Hope in such an hour!

CHIL.

## A STUDENT'S RECREATIONS;

OR,

*Extracts from a Poetical Portfolio.*

No. V.

"Egaremens de la plume et de l'encre."

### SONNET STANZAS.

ΑΥΤΩΝ ΤΩΝ ΠΡΩΤΩΝ ΤΗΝ ΝΥΧΤΑ ΠΡΟΣΚΛΗΝΕΙ.—Pythagoras.

Quam juvat immites ventos audire enbantem—  
Aut, gelidas hybernas aquas cum fuderit anster,  
Securem somnos, iunbre juvante, sequi!

Tibullus.

I love to hear the high winds pipe aloud,  
When 'gainst the leafy nations up in arms;  
Now screaming in their rage, now shouting proud,  
Then moaning, as in pain at war's alarms:  
Then softly sobbing to unquiet rest,  
Then wildly, harshly, breaking forth again,  
As if in scorn at having been repress,  
With marching sweep careering o'er the plain.  
And, oh! I love to hear the gusty shower,  
Against my humble casement, pattering fast,  
While shakes the portal of my quiet bower;  
For then I envy not the noble's tower,  
Nor, while my cot thus braves the storm and blast,  
Wish I the tumult of the heavens past.  
Yet wherefore joy I in the loud uproar?  
Does still life cloy, has peace no charms for me,  
Pleases calm nook and ancient tome no more,  
But do I long for wild variety?  
Ah! no; the noise of elements at jar,  
Which bids the slumbers of the worldling close,  
Lone Nature's child, does not thy visions mar,  
It does but soothe thee to more sure repose.  
I sigh not for variety nor power,  
My cot, like castled hall, can brave the storm;  
Therefore I joy to list the sweepy shower,  
And piping winds at home secure and warm:  
While soft to heaven my orisons are sent,  
In grateful thanks for its best boon, Content!

These stanzas, after all, are very little more than an amplification of the well-known lines of Lucretius—

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,  
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.

### STANZAS,

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHAULIEU.

Oh! check the sigh thy joy that smothers,  
Think not that I can prove untrue;  
Nor say I you shall leave for others,  
As I have others left for you.  
No, loveliest, no! for though the youth  
Who gains thy smiles may faithless be  
To others, who have claim'd his truth,  
He ne'er can faithless be to thee.

### NOTTURNO.

Air—Copenhagen Waltz.

The daylight has long been sunk under the billow,  
And Zephyr its absence is mourning in sighs;  
Then Dora, my dearest, arise from your pillow,  
And make the night day with the suns of your eyes.

Kind Heaven, that none might be fairer than you,  
Has broken the bright mould, which formed you,  
in two\*;

And 'tis you, Love, alone can your image renew,  
Then rise, dearest Dora, ah, pr'ythee, Love, do!

Pretty star of my soul! Heav'n's stars all out-shining;

Sweet dream of my slumbers! ah, Love, pray you rise;

Enchantress! all hearts in your fetters entwining,  
To my ears you are music, and light to my eyes.

To my anguish you're balm, to my pleasure you're bliss,

To my touch you are joy; there's the world in you're kiss:

Day is not day with me if your presence I miss;  
Ah, no! 'tis a night cold and moonless as this.

\* The reader may probably accuse me here of plagiarism, from the noble author of the Drury-Lane monody on Sheridan. I allude to the admired lines which close the poem—

— "Nature form'd but one such man,  
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan!"

Such, however, is not the case; this trifle was written at the request of a musical friend, some months previous to the appearance of the monody. If there is any robbery, the noble author is equally a thief with myself, and the injured person is poor Ariosto: witness his line—

"Natura lo fece, et poine rappa la stampa."

### LINES,

TO ———.

As the sea-shell retains in its bosom

The sighs of the waves where it play'd,  
Still breathing them, never to lose them,  
Till dark into ruin 'tis laid;

So, deep in my bosom are lying  
The sighs you, false maid, breath'd to me;  
And there will they still sound, undying,  
Till breathless that bosom shall be.

### STANZAS.

A woman once, as it is sung\*,  
Could speak so loud, without a tongue,  
You hear her could a mile hence;  
But I a greater wonder know,  
A Christian woman who, although  
She has a tongue, keeps silence!

There was a man, the story goes,  
Who wrote a volume with his toes,  
So I've been told, and credit;  
But what's more wonderful than that,  
And quite as credible and pat,  
I knew a man that read it!

There was a man, a foe to strife,  
Who died because he had a wife;  
But what is more uncommon—  
There was a fool, the other day,  
Who died with grief, because, they say,  
He could not win a woman!

\* There is a Latin epigram, in Maugerius, that greatly resembles the first stanza of this poem; and the last stanza must remind the Spanish reader very strongly of the following pleasant epitaph, written by Don Joseph Vasquez:—

El que está aquí sepultado,  
Porque no logió casarse,  
Murió de pena acabado.  
Otros mueren de accidarse  
De que ya los han casado.

### SONG.

Oh what a sun is o'er us glowing!  
Oh what a breeze is past us flying!  
It cheers the flowers so sweetly blowing,  
Which else, by summer's suns, were dying.  
Rosa, thy charms than suns are brighter,  
And oh! their brilliance death would give;  
But thy disdain breathes cooler, lighter,  
Than southern breeze, and bids us live.

Thy beauty fills our hearts with love,  
Thy scorn inspires our souls with hate;  
And we should death by passion prove,  
But pride steps in and bars our fate.  
Our hearts, by love and hate, are torn,  
And like some bark when winds annoy it;  
Between two waves it braves the storm,  
When singly either might destroy it!

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The extensive and increasing demand for our Papers, containing the several accounts and engravings (now sixteen in number) concerning the *Caleidoscope*, convinces that we were right in supposing that by a timely admission of these articles into the *LITERARY JOURNAL*, we should perform an acceptable service to the Public: and Parents, and those who have the superintendence of Youth, will not fail to have observed the unavoidable tendency of the historical and scientific investigations which we have presented, to convert the existing popular attachment to a pleasing toy, into an incentive and guide to the acquisition of useful and liberal knowledge.

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We shall be happy to receive the proffered communication of C. W.

PHILO-EUSEBIUS is inserted, though not without some unwillingness. We think that parts of his Letter, as well as of that of EUSEBIUS, require an answer; and yet we could not consent to open our columns to the probable controversy.

We are still to trespass upon the indulgence of several Correspondents.

"On the new System of Musical Education," in our next.

J. M. Jr. is received.

J. C. must not despair.

In some copies of our last, in Mr. Swift's poem, p. 149, col. 1, for "mental grace," read "mortal grace;" and lower down, for "teaches to," read "teaches in;" p. 151, col. 2, l. 5, for "καλῆς," read "χαλῆς;" l. 52, for "diacon," read "drawn;" p. 152, col. 2, for "écrits," read "délits;" p. 156, col. 1, for "page 376," read "page 134;" p. 157, col. 3, for "Dr. Sumner Provost," read "Dr. Sumner, Provost;" p. 158, col. 1, l. 2, for "presented," read "preserved."

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